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FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

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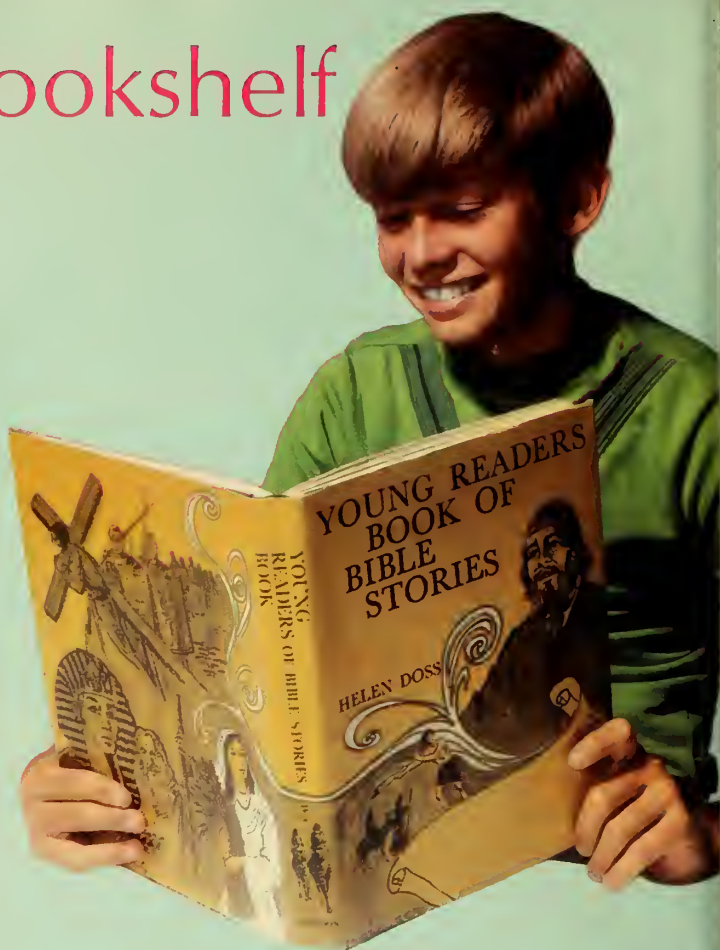
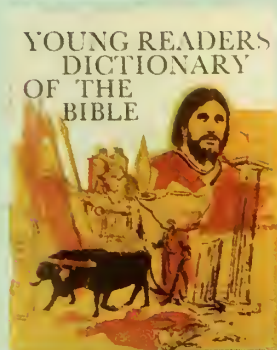
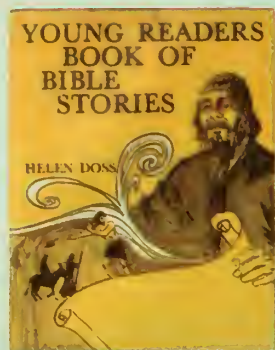
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"Earth and heav'n reflect thy rays . . ." These words came to mind one day as the Rev. Joseph C. W. Lee sought inspiration for a picture to illustrate our 14th Photo Invitational, **Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee** [see pages 30-38]. "My wife had asked me to sharpen her kitchen knife," he says. "I went into my workshop and started the electric grinder . . . This time the sparks from the tip of the knife looked more beautiful than ever before . . . That night I set a toy globe and a cross on the table and took the picture in complete darkness, using the sparks coming from the grinder." The result: an unusual picture on this month's cover for Mr. Lee, pastor of First United Methodist Church, Benton City, Wash.

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# Together

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When was the last time you remembered mothers worry?



Remember — she piled so many clothes on you  
that you couldn't move.  
She always made you eat that extra  
spoonful for good measure.  
But who's complaining?  
You did grow tall enough to play  
center on the college basketball team.  
She worried then.  
She still does.  
Why not call her?  
Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.







# Teamwork Works in Phoenix

Text by NEWMAN CRYER / Pictures by GEORGE P. MILLER



Phoenix Mayor John Driggs (right) reads a letter from United Methodist ministers supporting a new city housing code. Letter was presented by A. Leonard Miller (left), urban co-ordinator for 27 participating churches, and by Donald R. Locher, district superintendent.

THE advertisementlike notices, spread over three full pages of *The Inner City News*, listed 36 job opportunities:

"Need 80 persons for tutoring program."

"Volunteer as teacher's aide in one of the inner-city public schools."

"Ten people to work in arts, crafts, music, informal drama, with elementary ages in an inner-city arts festival."

"Something is always going wrong with toys, furniture, plumbing. If you use screwdriver, pliers, wrenches and can spare two or three hours a week, call 274-3557."

All these calls for help had two things in common: the pay—the satisfaction of serving someone in need—would be the same, and everyone would be well trained for whatever task he volunteered to do.

Such calls for help go out regularly to members of the 27 United Methodist churches in and around Phoenix, Arizona. They offer lay Christians an endless variety of opportunities to take the ministry of the church to where the needs are in the city.

As American cities go, Phoenix is young and clean. But it is fast developing problems like those of the older, more urbanized East. Increasingly, the land of scenic grandeur and fresh air is besmirched with a murky smog that lingers over the Valley of the Sun. The city of more



*A teacher-in-training (left) keeps little hands busy during a 13-week course at the weekday kindergarten and nursery school of First United Methodist Church. She will work in Osborn Day Care Center in the inner city where senior student nurses (right) from Arizona State University volunteer in well-baby and sick-baby clinics staffed by health-department physicians.*

than a half-million permanent residents has pockets of poverty, ethnic tensions, and other symptoms of a burgeoning metropolis.

Basic thrust of the United Methodist inner-city program is to recruit, train, and co-ordinate volunteers for a variety of ministries, mainly but not exclusively in the inner city. In any given week, as many as 200 volunteers are involved in programs such as day-care and community centers, tutoring, youth ministries, evangelistic visitation, sewing and cooking classes, and clinic nursing.

Co-ordinator of these inner-city ministries is the Rev. A. Leonard Miller, who took on the assignment three years ago while still associate minister of First Church with special responsibility for Christian education. He brings a strong educational orientation to the work of training and co-ordinating volunteers.

The inner-city ministry had its beginnings in the 1950s when the Rev. Roscoe S. Strivings, pastor of Aldersgate Church and later district superintendent, developed a way of putting together the manpower, money power, and spirit power of the churches in an attempt to serve people where the needs seemed greatest.

The program developed slowly over a period of several years. In the 1960s a few suburban congregations began a trend of yoking themselves with inner-city churches. Paradise Valley Church, in one of America's most affluent

suburbs, worked with Crutchfield Methodist in one of the least affluent sections of Phoenix. The Rev. Vernon W. Bradley, then pastor of Capital Church, acted as co-ordinator for the five inner-city congregations.

When the Rev. Donald R. Locher came on the district five years ago, he was quick to see additional potential. "My role is to support the efforts of the pastors and encourage them as they attempt to bring their lay people into awareness of our urban problems," he says.

This emphasis on awareness, as well as training for the job, is evident in the weekday kindergarten and nursery school at First Church, which enrolls 220 children in its 10 classes. This center is the training ground for new teachers at seven other day-care centers operated under sponsorship of United Methodist churches in and around Phoenix.

The teachers-in-training spend 13 weeks at the First Church center, with additional sessions conducted by Mr. Miller personally. These extra sessions deal with cultural differences in the various centers, whose ethnic groups range from Mexican-American to Negro to white middle class to mixed populations.

A center in the Osborn public-housing development is in a predominantly black neighborhood and is largest of the eight day-care programs. It occupies an entire two-story unit in a 32-building complex, which houses





*"I'm that old," a young resident tells Cross Roads Church leaders who helped move five small homes (left) from the path of a new expressway and remodel them for low-income families. At right Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dukarich and daughters of Epworth Church are among tutors of fourth and fifth-grade students who come to Longfellow School twice a week for extra help.*



about 800 people, and requires a staff of 11 persons.

In the building's various rooms are day-care and nursery classes for children 18 months to 5 years old. Senior student nurses from Arizona State University in Tempe come on a rotating, once-a-month schedule to evaluate the children, give inoculations, and keep charts on their health. These charts are used by county health-department physicians who visit the center once a month for well-baby and sick-baby clinics.

Through the co-operation of Leadership Education for the Advancement of Phoenix (LEAP), another building in the Osborn project offers a variety of services as a community center. Its director, Lloyd Jacobs, acts as a clearing agent for local public and private services to low-income people. One Phoenix hospital provides staff for a mental-health clinic. A family-living center, staffed with aid from the Arizona Public Service Company, offers classes for homemakers in sewing and cooking. The city parks and recreation district carries on cultural enrichment through drama, arts, crafts, and sports activities.

The role of United Methodist churches is to provide

manpower and financial assistance for the day-care center. The inner-city co-ordinator is the connecting link between the center and lay volunteers from the churches.

"We try to do as much of our work as possible on a one-to-one basis," says Mr. Miller. A good example is the tutoring program at Longfellow Elementary School, where about 35 fourth and fifth-grade students recommended by their teachers receive extra help on Monday and Tuesday evenings during the school year.

Tutors are recruited and supervised by adults from Epworth Church, but many volunteers come from other churches or on their own. Joseph Dukarich, who is a member of Epworth Church, became so enthusiastic about the students he tutors that he recruited his wife and two daughters for tutoring. "The need is so great that we wanted to do it," he said, "and we find it is a good family experience."

While the inner-city ministry seeks to bring resources of the suburban churches to bear upon problems of the city, the inner-city churches also have some resources of their own. One is new leadership.

Coming from Texas in 1969, the Rev. Ruben G. Carrico became pastor of Primera Iglesia (First Church, Spanish), organized in 1892 in a Mexican-American neighborhood and worshipping in its present building since 1947. It is located in the heart of a population area of about 5,000



persons, 95 percent of whom are Spanish speaking.

Earlier this year, 10 lay volunteers, including retirees from nearby Sun City, were recruited to work with Primera Iglesia members in an evangelistic effort called *Project Contacto*. The visitation not only helped to make community residents aware of new vitality in the church, but it also gave outside visitors new insight into the problems of an inner-city neighborhood.

Primera Iglesia, under Mr. Carrico's leadership, is now planning a cultural center specializing in ethnic art, drama, and instructional classes to help strengthen the spiritual life of its Spanish-speaking constituents.

But this pastor's efforts do not stop in the parish. He is also a community-relations worker in the Phoenix Union High School, once a great campus institution with 6,000 students. The student population has dwindled to 2,600

Under the leadership of the Rev. William O. Smith, the Cross Roads congregation took part this year in establishing the North Phoenix Corporate Ministry. Its new director, a Roman Catholic nun, is developing adult-education programs, lecture series, and worship services on an ecumenical basis.

Although the co-operative effort of United Methodist churches in the Valley of the Sun is referred to as "the inner-city ministry," it also extends as far as 18 miles from downtown Phoenix to the Pima Indian Reservation at Gila Crossing. Each week volunteers recruited by Faith Church go to the Gila Crossing Presbyterian Church to meet with Indian women for various sewing, cooking, and other homemaking projects.

But the year-round volunteer work on the reservation also includes an annual Christmas party for children, and



*Women of Faith Church join Pima Indian homemakers in projects on the Gila Crossing Reservation. Phoenix churches furnish fabrics with which the Indian women make clothing for their own and needy families. Sewing classes take place weekly, cooking demonstrations with surplus foods once a month.*

with the building of additional high schools in recent years. It now serves a student body that is about 55 percent Mexican-American, 35 percent Negro, and 10 percent other ethnic groups.

Last year a number of fights, shakedowns, and purse snatchings at the school spurred parental concern for student protection. Now student monitors can be seen around campus in two-way radio communication with the student relations director.

An innovative project by laymen of the suburban Cross Roads Church provided seed money with which to purchase five small houses in the path of a new freeway and move them to an inner-city neighborhood to be sold to low-income families.

there are interchurch picnics and occasional pulpit and choir-loft exchanges.

The Pimas have a high mortality rate. Many of them live in "sandwich houses" made of stacked rough timbers with roofs of boughs and with dirt floors. Their high-starch diets are not conducive to good health or longevity.

Mrs. Imogene Patten, chairman of the missions commission at Faith Church, has worked with the people of Gila Crossing for five years. She says, "We feel that our presence with them gives the women incentive to do things for themselves and their families that upgrade their lives."

In an isolated section in the southeastern corner of Phoenix, several churches are co-operating with LEAP

and the local park district to start a community center in Okemah Park. This area is changing from residential to industrial and is populated largely by Negroes. After three years of negotiating and fund raising, a concrete floor was poured for half of a building that has since been completed and is now being used for day nursery and Head Start classes. Another section of the building will house a room for community activities, but this will have to await additional funds.

Mrs. James Simmons, a member of Paradise Valley Church of Phoenix, is a leader in the Okemah Center project. "Our women were concerned about care for the children of working mothers in this isolated poverty area. And the adults need a central meeting place for community activities," she explains. Three congregations in Tempe support the Okemah project.

United Methodist churches also support more established programs such as Wesley Community Center which serves a neighborhood of Mexican-Americans. Among its activities are sewing classes, a well-baby clinic, and a thrift shop. It also offers cooking classes for people receiving welfare commodities, a school-lunch program, and town-hall type meetings to air the concerns of community residents.

But service programs are giving way to other thrusts. Says the Rev. Horatio M. Rios, director of Wesley Center: "This center in the past has been dealing with recreation, rummage, and referral, but it has not made much impact



*Retired laymen from Sun City (above) visit in the Mexican-American neighborhood of Primera Iglesia to enlist children in a creative arts workshop. The "Back Door" coffeehouse (below), sponsored by Central Church, offers a teen center, plus discussion and writing.*







*After three years of work and some help from the lay people of Paradise Valley Church, a concrete foundation is laid for the new Okemah Community Center. In an isolated black neighborhood of Phoenix, the center will house day-care classes and community-action programs.*

on the neighborhood. Now one of our main functions is helping Chicanos [Mexican-Americans] adjust to urban living."

The center also offers office space to *Chicanos por la Causa*, a Mexican-American organization working to improve the status of Spanish-speaking people in terms of jobs, housing, and recognition as persons of dignity. When representatives of *La Causa* first came to demand assistance, they were favorably surprised to find that the center's staff could communicate with them in Spanish.

Another inner-city ministry, a summer intern program, made possible partly through United Methodism's Fund for Reconciliation, has completed its third year. Last summer, 12 young persons—Protestants, Catholics, and Jews—were personally recruited and trained by Mr. Miller for work in inner-city churches in a variety of ways. The youngsters spent 40 to 50 hours of intensive training for summer work at no pay beyond bare expenses.

The training basically is designed to help the young persons—from middle-class churches and families—adjust to the culture of the people with whom they are to work. They are exposed to such realities as a Salvation Army chow line, the county hospital, the detention home, Goodwill Industries, and the police station.

On the western side of Phoenix, members of Epworth Church took the lead in establishing the Fish, an ecumenical group of volunteers who stand ready to answer all kinds of calls for emergency assistance in the Maryvale-Glendale area. Most requests are for transportation to the hospital, although calls come frequently for volunteers to help prepare meals for mothers returning from the hospital, to assist people who have been evicted, and for other family emergencies. About 30 families are active-

ly involved in the Fish and take turns on daily telephone duty.

In their effort to co-operate with existing agencies, leaders of the Phoenix inner-city ministry attempt to maintain communication with top municipal officials. Dr. Locher and Mr. Miller have arranged meetings on three occasions between the mayor and councilmen and United Methodist ministers of the Phoenix district.

At the latest such meeting, the inner-city co-ordinator told the new mayor and council, "We do things *with* inner-city residents and not *for* them. We co-operate with existing agencies, and when we make a promise we intend to keep it."

The sense of the church's responsibility to the people of the city was emphasized by District Superintendent Locher: "I try to hold the churches of the district accountable to understand that their mission is inescapably bound to the urban setting. They really can't be the church in our time unless they are involved in it." □



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World travel makes Jefferson G. Artz (inset) aware of small but weighty UN successes over its 25 years.

## A Letter to a Skeptical Friend About the UN

Dear Al:

At the San Francisco airport when we were talking to those Asian diplomats en route to the United Nations 25th anniversary, you whispered that it was a long journey to celebrate 25 years of failure. I didn't react then, but on the plane home I realized the UN might really look that way to you.

I'll confess it once looked that way to me, too. That was before I put in some study, did some reading beyond the headlines, and visited a few UN business sessions at the New York headquarters. I learned there's a lot more to it than meets the eye in the headlines. It's like an iceberg—mostly unseen.

Do you remember when we watched the 747 airliner come in? Well, if it weren't for co-ordinated

air-facility planning around the world, that big plane probably couldn't leave the United States. The fact that you can fly around the world or to the next country, receive mail from Teheran, telephone your man in Jakarta, or find a skilled mechanic in Lagos is evidence of the unseen international co-operation that goes on day in and day out by a really vast UN system of what I would call global service agencies.

These days almost every town in this country has a development promotion committee. The overwhelming majority of UN employees are engaged in development promotion for the two thirds of the world that is underdeveloped.

Here's an example: Not long ago I was in El Salvador, a densely popu-

lated country that is becoming even more so. More electric power is needed. There is plenty of waterfall, but dams would inundate fertile valley land which is in short supply. El Salvador is one of the half-dozen spots on earth with geyser-type hot water features like those in Yellowstone National Park. The UN assembled the world's geyser experts and helped finance their study of the feasibility of harnessing this natural resource for power, without having to flood El Salvador's fields.

For this kind of developmental help there is a UN co-ordinating organization which farms out projects to specialized agencies, such as the International Labor Office (ILO), UN Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), World Health



Organization (WHO), and Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO). The UN, through these agencies, functions as a sort of broker, recruiting literally thousands of experts from all over the world to go where their expertise is needed.

Our experience here at home testifies that ignorance and disease breed poverty. While here at home the poor are a minority, worldwide they are the overwhelming majority. In the Mexican high country at Patzcuaro, several UN specialized agencies have a functional education project where teachers from all over Latin America come to learn and then return home to teach adults to read, write, and figure. Now they will know the agricultural co-operatives are not cheating them and be able to look at them as their own organizations. The reason you and I trust others in business is that we can read and figure out what they are doing.

The UNICEF substitute-milk project in Central America is quite a success. When a newborn infant pushes the second youngest from his mother's milk, he may not survive on tortillas. He still needs milk and there's not much of it. UNICEF-financed research came up with an inexpensive milk substitute made from cotton-seed pulp. They say it doesn't taste so good, but the infant doesn't know the difference. The product is manufactured and distributed by the subsidiary of a U.S. corporation.

This suggests, of course, that overpopulation is the basic problem which the world must face. Probably no one knows exactly how many people there are, but what we do know comes from UN efforts to arouse interest and train statisticians.

Yes, I know what you mean by failures. The list is long, but we are still here! Even if the arms agreements on Antarctica, outer space, certain kinds of nuclear testing and nonproliferation haven't amounted to much, 10 percent success may be better than none at all.

A Security Council veto over a proposed peace-keeping operation is not final. The peace still needs keeping. The problem exists as a continuing challenge to more efforts at solution. You might call the UN a hope machine—and what alternative is there to hope?

When talking about the UN's failure, you shouldn't forget that you are

really talking about the failure of member nations. Like that big glass secretariat building that mirrors the world around it, the UN reflects the world in which it exists. The Charter may spell out elaborate procedures for peace-keeping, but procedures are only tools. Peace-keeping is a matter of politics of the big powers which are the permanent Security Council members. When they can reach some kind of agreement on peace-keeping, something happens, as it did in the Congo some years ago, or as in Cyprus more recently. Big-power disagreement always puts peace-keeping in suspense.

In the presently nonpolitical area of global weather, everybody—even the Chinese—can agree to watch the weather and put on record what they see. But once the weather becomes less a matter of conversation and more a subject about which something can be done—like rain-making on one country's parched fields that may flood those of a neighbor—then there will likely be less co-operation at a time when a great deal more is needed. So, you see, co-operation among countries with respect to problems they can't handle separately is what the UN is all about.

Take pollution for instance. You can't unpollute just one side of a stream, even if it is an international boundary. There is no such thing as German smog. Alone the U.S. can't cure airline hijacking. Only the threat of sure punishment at the hijacker's destination will help to quell his urge. This takes international agreement and, afterwards, co-operation. Explorations to Mars and beyond will be too expensive for nations to compete in and to duplicate. This will take agreement through a forum such as the UN provides.

Within a country, action comes from a constituted authority, but between countries there is no such authority. Certainly the UN is not this, for everything accomplished is by consent. I don't believe you could imagine a more democratic atmosphere than that which pervades the General Assembly and its multitude of committees.

UN bodies "invite" one another to do something, they "urge," they "draw attention to." But no one can tell anyone else what to do. Have you considered the fresh air these procedures blow over representatives from

dictatorships, closed societies, and clique-run governments?

You expressed concern that the U.S. has the same vote as a little speck of an island in the Indian Ocean. Almost anyone would recognize this as a problem, but this isn't as ridiculous as it seems.

Voting is going out of fashion in very critical situations. Chairmen try for consensus—a very realistic approach. And voting strength is not very significant when it is on a recommendation. This is usually the case in the General Assembly. Influence matters more than vote.

As a churchman, sometimes you must have been concerned that the UN could not be described as a Christian organization. But how could a global organization be Christian when most of its peoples are not? Just the same, the UN's main purpose is Christian: It's the world's number one beater-of-swords-into-plowshares. The UN doesn't call us to love our neighbors, but it does provide a forum in which to understand them better. Perhaps this is the first step toward love.

Distrust is probably the principal hangup among nations, but the pattern is forever changing. Who in 1776 would have thought we would ever trust the British? Who in 1917 would have thought we could again trust the Germans? Who on December 7, 1941, would have thought we could ever trust the Japanese? Just possibly we may yet learn to trust the Russians!

There's a lot of the traditionalist in me, too, Al. The tried-and-true looks better most of the time. But the trouble with us traditionalists is that we don't realize the tide is ebbing until we are high and dry. The other day I read about an Englishman of the 19th century who, upon learning of the invention of the American telephone, said: "We'll never use it. We already have more than enough messenger boys." Sometimes the "practical" folks are most blind to the future.

You commented that you had seen all the New York adult shows you could stand. Next time you're there, why not see the United Nations at work. It's the best show in town. Our United Methodist office, just across the street, can get you free tickets and brief you on the most interesting current events there. Give it a try!

Jeff Artz  
Columbus, Mississippi



# HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending. For only \$12.00 a month, you can sponsor her, or thousands of other desperate youngsters.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

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Evangelical Renewalists:

# A New Force in United Methodism?



*Spokesmen for United Methodism's evangelical renewalists include the Rev. Ira Gallaway (left), a Texas district superintendent, and the Rev. Charles Keysor, an Illinois pastor-editor.*

VERILY it might be written:

"On the last day of Pentecost, 1970, they went away from that city, resolved in their own hearts to reawaken the evangelical spirit within The United Methodist Church.

"And on the next day, which was the first day of Kingdomtide, they began their work among the people."

As this pseudoscriptural text suggests, a reawakening event known as the Convocation of United Methodists for Evangelical Christianity did end on the last day of Pentecost (August 29) in Dallas, Texas. By the following day, the first Sunday in Kingdomtide, the 1,600 who had been convoked in Dallas were back in or on their way to the 48 continental states and 4 foreign countries

from whence they had come for parts of four days.

The trumpet call of those who met in Dallas is that United Methodism must be turned back to its Wesleyan principles and away from the unfaithfulness of liberalism and social action-type "salvation" into which it has been led. The conveners protest loudly, too, that they desire no split from the denomination, no schismatic force within the church. Rather, they profess, by calling the church back to its founding principles they are loyalists.

Polarization, nevertheless, seemed to rend the air for a large part of the convocation's long hours of sermons as well as in twice-daily workshops and seminars on evangelism. At least three platform speakers spoke of the coming of two churches. One was specific, foreseeing a



scriptural church (presumably to include the United Methodist evangelicals) and an unregenerate, institutional church (presumably similar to the existing denomination).

This same speaker, the Rev. C. Philip Hinerman, pastor of an interracial church in Minneapolis, Minn., also spoke of "venal people" in church leadership and asserted there is a time (presumably including the Dallas days) to be negative and judgmental. "We will continue, however," he declared, "to work in this denomination until we are driven out or we are led out."

### Areas of Contention

Speakers singled out three areas of contention with present United Methodist policies:

1. Church-school curriculum materials, some allegedly denying the divinity of Christ.
2. Teaching in United Methodist seminaries.
3. Uses of denominational money.

The obvious response to the first contended point, and one which a reported 10,000 congregations have resorted to, is to buy church-school literature from sources other than the United Methodist General Board of Education. Some convocation leaders said the even better solution would be for the education board to obey its disciplinary mandate to provide a curriculum "suitable to all" by employing some evangelically oriented writers.

A response to the complaint against seminary teaching was not so obvious. Also, the issue does not seem so burning, for the moment.

Use of funds, though, draws a deluge of "for instances" from the evangelicals, including the use of Board of Missions money for black economic empowerment, missions money for draft evaders in Sweden, and Fund for Reconciliation grants "to people who hate my church and want to harm my kids," as one spokesman put it. The corrective is obvious: withhold funds. The counter-response to this, even from some at the convocation, is that indiscriminate withholding can hurt programs beyond those being objected to. None doubted, though, the correctness of one leader's summation: "Money is the name of the game."

The official title of the group which sponsored the Dallas convocation is the Forum for Scriptural Christianity Within The United Methodist Church, Inc. Incorporated in 1967 as a not-for-profit Illinois corporation, the forum has existed until now primarily as the publisher of a quarterly magazine, *Good News*, interspersed quarterly with a newsletter. The Forum, a nonmembership body, is guided by a 33-member board of directors who screen and select candidates for board positions.

The editor of *Good News* and the person generally credited with igniting the initial spark behind the movement puts it, "One of our men made the discovery for us all when he said, 'We've had our heads in the clouds too long. If we want a voice within the church we will have to elect the right men.'"

Editor-minister Charles W. Keysor of Grace United Methodist Church in Elgin, Ill., refuses to go along with some of his associates who accept the designation of the *Good News* group as a political caucus. "I define us as a renewal group," he declares. "We are not willing to surrender that concept to any other group in the church, although we acknowledge that they [he mentioned Black Methodists for Church Renewal and United



*Some of the brightest moments in the Convocation of United Methodists for Evangelical Christianity came from the Lake Junaluska Singers, a racially mixed ensemble from the denomination's assembly in North Carolina.*

Methodists for Church Renewal] may be channels of renewal, too."

### 'Elect the Right Men'

Precise definition of [political?] strategy to "elect the right men" was assigned in Dallas to Robert G. Mayfield, general chairman of the convocation and, until he was removed in 1968, general secretary of the Board of Lay Activities in the former Methodist Church.

Dr. Mayfield defines the methods as:

1. Seeing to it that the evangelical voice is heard in annual-conference sessions.
2. Electing evangelical delegates to jurisdictional and general conferences.
3. Electing evangelical laymen as members of annual conferences.
4. Forming *Good News* renewal groups within each annual conference. "This last step is the most important," said Mayfield. "Without it, you won't get the others."

Mr. Keysor, too, sees this latter step as essential to what he calls the strengthening of the evangelical fabric within United Methodism. He noted that the movement went into Dallas with 42 such groups organized, generally along annual-conference lines, and predicted another half dozen would be formed as a result of strategy talks in Dallas. He also foresees growth of regional *Good News* convocations similar to the five held so far. Typically



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these go one or two days, rely on a resource person as a "starter," and roll into unstructured discussions about the church and faith.

Even more firmly planted in the future is a 1971 national convocation at a place and dates to be announced in late October. The Forum, holding the liability for finances of the Dallas convocation, came out of the approximately \$35,000 affair just a shade ahead of expenses. The registration fee was held to \$15, and speakers accepted expenses without honoraria to help ends meet.

### Relation to Denomination

What the evangelical renewal movement intends as its role in the denomination can be measured somewhat by leaders' references in Dallas to the denomination.

Dr. Mayfield's convening prayer declared "love" for The United Methodist Church and "lift[ed] up her bishops to the throne of grace." Another speaker's concluding prayer petitioned, "Renew thy church by beginning with us." Another prayed for the denominational leaders "who are here." (They were few. Bishop Gerald Kennedy was the only speaker from the episcopacy, and he denied having "even the foggiest notion" why he was asked. Only one general-board general secretary was present, and he only in the background for less than the convocation's full length.)

Bishop Kennedy was asked by a reporter about the attitude of the United Methodist Council of Bishops towards the Good News group. "Suspicious," he answered in a word. General Chairman Mayfield, in his own session with the press, softened that a bit. He said he had written letters of information and invitation to all active bishops and had received "letters of encouragement" from more than half.

One more bishop—the right one—apparently could have made quite a difference. Chairman Mayfield acknowledged that convocation planners tried hard to secure Bishop Roy C. Nichols of the Pittsburgh Area as a spokesman not only for the episcopacy but also for black United Methodists. The busy bishop answered that previous commitments prevented his coming.

A left-handed note of hopefulness about The United Methodist Church was sounded in a penultimate strategy talk by the Rev. Les Woodson, Forum chairman. He termed the denomination "the greatest mission field in the world," and lusty amens rewarded him as they had many previous speakers.

At least in theory the evangelical group's leaders put most United Methodists to shame in their apparent familiarity with the church's Articles of Religion, the historic document abridged by John Wesley from Church of England doctrine and included in Methodist *Disciplines* since 1808. The Confession of Faith of the former Evangelical United Brethren Church likewise was cited, though not as often.

Scriptures as a renewal guide received their due. Mr. Keysor, with tongue barely in cheek on the point of curriculum displeasure, suggested the Bible "as approved United Methodist literature." Bishop Kennedy seemed to chide the movement leaders somewhat, though, when he cracked, "Let's don't talk about going back to the Bible. I can't catch up with it as it is."

Keynoter Keysor, on the general theme of unfaithfulness, charged that United Methodists have been unfaith-

ful in prayer. "It is bad news," he said in an obvious play on his publication's title, "when we have to read prayers written by someone else."

Dr. Claude Thompson of Emory University's Candler School of Theology reminded the assemblage that everything done in the name of evangelism "must be born in prayer. That is our number one secret."

Dr. Thompson, one of a scant two speakers from the denomination's 14 seminaries, deftly sounded the call, oft-repeated, for a combination of soul-saving and body-feeding when he called on evangelicals to "get steamed up to clean up the Jericho road" and not be satisfied with finding refuge for the injured person.

Humor—some intended, some unprogrammed—spiced the convocation. Bishop Kennedy acknowledged that he could hardly wait to get out of his episcopal office in 1972 "and get back to the business of religion." Baptist Evangelist Tom Skinner, the only black speaker, won his audience with such skilled lightness as, "You have the answer [Christ] but black people want to know what are the questions. You may be scratching where no one is itching."

### 'Combat' or 'Love'?

Unintended was the ironic humor of Mr. Keysor's fiery closing admonition to "move into three areas of combat," followed by a youth group's fresh-voiced singing of *They Will Know We Are Christians by Our Love*.

Despite the reminding protests of several speakers that the Lord is bigger than any structure and is not interested in "saving structures," the structure of United Methodism is clearly what the Good News group has set its sights on. Politics of a specified variety is the route to that goal. Mr. Keysor noted that there are two kinds of politics in the church: a carnal kind and that which is sanctified by Jesus Christ. The advantage of following the latter kind, he noted, is "we can let the Lord Jesus Christ do our fighting for us."

"We will stay close to the Wesleyan concept of scriptural evangelicalism," he added. "We are not interested in separation from the church, and we will work from a broad gauge of flexible evangelical commitment. The brittle fundamentalist who is afraid to mix with others and engage in dialogue will not feel at home with us." He and others, however, did not disavow unsolicited support from "concerned" groups generally considered right-wing across United Methodism. "We cannot be responsible for our sympathizers" was the standard reply.

The significance of Dallas, Mr. Keysor feels, is that the evangelical movement has formally emerged on the United Methodist scene. "Any impartial observer would have to acknowledge that we are now a force in the renewal stream.

"Our contribution is significant in people and money," the editor-minister-organizer added. "The great majority of the money in United Methodism comes from persons who are in or are sympathetic to our movement." He, like others, noted the denomination's loss of 200,000 members and a drop of \$77 million in general benevolence giving last year.

Which sounds, like the fellow said, as if money is "the name of the game." Notably, no one in Dallas proof-texted his remarks with the story of the rich young ruler.

—John A. Lovelace





Twenty-six stories up into the atmosphere of Pittsburgh, Pa., a steel beam is dropped into place signifying topping-out of the \$10 million building of the Methodist Church Union. Rental from the building will help the union support ten non-sectarian social work programs in Allegheny County. The site in Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle is known as Brimstone Corner for the fiery preaching at Smithfield Methodist Church which stood on the site from 1848 until it was demolished in 1969 [see picture page 25]. The Methodist Church Union, chartered in 1894, maintains such projects as children's homes, neighborhood houses, a camp, an apartment for senior citizens, homes for ministers, and a low-income housing project.

## WOMEN WARILY WATCH EQUAL RIGHTS PROPOSAL

Church women are more accustomed to disputations over hymn tunes than over hemlines anyhow, but at the same time that they are withholding any organized voice in the mini-midi skirmish, they are warily watching progress of a proposed amendment to the United States Constitution which would guarantee women equal rights.

The proposed amendment overwhelmingly passed the House of Representatives by a 350-15 vote in August. From there it went to the Senate. If passed there it would go to the state legislatures and need endorsement of three fourths of them to become law.

The House-approved version states, in a nutshell: "Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex."

Miss Thelma Stevens of Leonia, N.J., a former top official in the United Methodist Board of Missions' Women's Division, said she hopes the Senate version will more adequately state the issues.

Also criticizing the House version and hoping for improvement in the Senate was the Women's Division associate general secretary, Theresa Hoover. Miss Hoover said the House treated the subject "in a light manner" and said she hoped the Senate will have debate and possible hearings to give the issue "the dignity it deserves." [Hearings began in late August in the Senate Judiciary Committee.]

Miss Hoover added, "I think male society in the church, in government, and in business does not take seriously the real cry of women to be accepted as persons with full opportunities and responsibilities."

Women's Division president Mrs. Wayne W. Harrington said she was pleased the legislation had passed the lower house after so many years—it was the first House vote on the subject though it has been introduced each year since 1923—but she was "disappointed that the House seems to have passed the bill without careful consideration for the special needs of women workers."





Between two ministerial leaders of the World Methodist Council is the council's first lay president, Charles Coolidge Parlin of Englewood, N.J. Mr. Parlin was elected recently to fill the unexpired term of the late Bishop Odd Hagen of Sweden. With him at council offices in Geneva, Switzerland, are (left) Dr. J. Otis Young of Park Ridge, Ill., and the Rev. Lee F. Tuttle, council secretary from Lake Junaluska, N.C. Mr. Parlin will serve until August 1971.

## UNITED METHODISTS RANK TOPS AMONG CHAPLAINS

As of midsummer four of the seven top chaplaincy positions in the federal government are filled by United Methodists.

Best known of the positions are the chaplaincies of the two houses of Congress. Chaplain of the House of Representatives since 1966 is the Rev. Edward Gardiner Latch, retired member of United Methodist's Baltimore Conference.

The Senate chaplaincy had been filled by a United Methodist, the late Rev. Frederick Brown Harris, until his retirement in 1969. He served a record 24 years and was succeeded by a Presbyterian.

Next best known of the positions are the chiefs of chaplains in three branches of the military service. United Methodists were named to two of those last summer.

First named was Chaplain (Rear Adm.) Francis L. Garrett of the Navy. Named within weeks of that appointment was Major Gen. Roy M. Terry of the Air Force.

Both were named chief chaplains by varying routes decreed by their respective military branches.

Admiral Garrett was appointed by the Navy chief of personnel on recommendation of a Navy board. Neither presidential nor Senate action was required.

General Terry, however, was

nominated by an Air Force board which submitted his name to President Nixon for appointment. The President's action was not subject to Senate confirmation.

The Army follows still a different route. With the granddaddy of all military chiefs of chaplains, dating back to World War I (the Navy and Air Force posts date from World War II) the Army has a board submit three names to the President, who may nominate one to the Senate for confirmation.

Each military service has two chaplains at admiral or general rank, one a deputy chief, the other the chief of chaplains. Generally one post is filled by a Roman Catholic, the other by a Protestant. Neither endorsing denominations nor the interdenominational General Commission on Chaplains is officially consulted on the nominations.

The other United Methodist in a top federal chaplaincy is the Rev. Frederick R. Silber, supervising chaplain for the Bureau of Prisons. Both his position and that of chief of chaplains for the Veterans Administration are civil service offices not subject to presidential or congressional action.

The military services have some 4,000 chaplains. The Bureau of Prisons has fewer than 50, the V.A. 300. All the chief chaplains are headquartered in Washington, D.C.

## THREE-YEAR REBUILDING PROGRAM BEGINS IN PERU

In earthquake-plagued Peru, the missionary enterprise of Church World Service (CWS) continues to make life more bearable for surviving Peruvians. The interdenominational agency, through which Protestant and Eastern Orthodox bodies help the disaster-stricken, has set up a three-phased three-year reconstruction plan for Peru.

Phase one, which sought to lay the groundwork for operation (establishing field offices and supplies depositories) is nearing completion. Phase two will seek to use the field offices as feeding center for mothers and school children. Phase three, which is expected to continue through 1973, hopes to include child-care clinics and some selected construction. Implementation of the program is expected to cost \$1,500,000.

CWS has announced it will not become involved in house construction, leaving that responsibility to the government. Governmental officials in Peru have not been encouraging rapid home rebuilding because they want first to develop housing designs less vulnerable to quakes.

The United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (UMCOR) has played a vital role in helping the disaster victims. UMCOR sent an engineer, a nurse, and a former Peace Corps worker into the area on a fulltime basis. Fifteen doctors and nurses sent to Peru by UMCOR for immediate post-quake emergency services have returned home.

Of The United Methodist Church's suggested goal of \$500,000 for Peru, \$180,000 has been raised according to UMCOR.

One of the largest single donations came from Peru, New York, a town with a population of 2,600. Residents raised \$2,400 for Peru earthquake victims through a campaign called the Peru to Peru Fund. Money was raised through co-operative efforts of the town's two churches, the Community Church (including United Methodists) and St. Augustine's Roman Catholic.



## SUNDAY SCHOOLS OF 1970s: BOOMING OR DYING?

The 1970s will be the decade of the large Sunday school, predicted one religious journalist recently. But you couldn't prove it by United Methodist rankings among the largest of the United Church of Canada.

*Christian Life* magazine, in its third annual survey of large United States Sunday schools, reported that the 75 largest in this nation increased their weekly attendance more than 10,000 over the previous year.

Elmer Towns, the magazine's Sunday-school editor, said there seems to be no secret or "inside" information that causes these schools to grow. "They simply apply the New Testament pattern of soul-winning, prayer, teaching the word of God, and constant revival. They are led by an aggressive, gifted pastor, who heads up a militant program of evangelism."

He added, "Key to the growing, large Sunday school is the energetic minister who leads his flock like a president runs a corporation. The life of the church is run as carefully as a bank, is advertised as widely as a prosperous used-car lot, and is financed as carefully as a mortgage on a new home. . . . But in the pulpit, the minister radi-

ates the warmth of Jesus Christ."

No United Methodist church schools were among the magazine's ranking of the 10 largest. Largest was Akron (Ohio) Baptist Temple with average weekly attendance of 5,801. Second was First Baptist Church of Dallas, Texas, with 5,112. The Southern Baptist Convention had 28 churches on the list of 75.

Another journalist, James A. Taylor, managing editor of the *United Church (of Canada) Observer* saw things in an entirely different light.

Sunday schools in his denomination—the result of a 1925 union by the Methodist Church of Canada and Presbyterian and Congregational churches in that nation—are dying, and at the present rate of decline few of them can continue more than five years, he said.

"Willing teachers are harder and harder to find [and] children are less and less interested," he wrote. He said Sunday-school enrollment in the denomination declined 12 percent last year.

Mr. Taylor said the United Church's Board of Christian Education is not rallying every effort to save the Sunday schools. He said it supports those that are going strong, but where they are failing "it encourages people to look for better methods."

## YOUTH COUNCIL SEEKS WIDER INVOLVEMENT

An experimental project to relate more youth to programs of the United Methodist Council on Youth Ministry (UMCYM) and its Youth Service Fund was launched at the council's recent annual meeting.

The 30-member council—20 young people and 10 adults—allocated \$1,500 for the remainder of 1970 for four regional meetings across the nation. If these conferences are successful, \$4,500 will be divided between three regions in 1971 for "involvement" meetings.

Council members also set new priorities for the coming year, with minority empowerment topping the list. Specific projects of the \$500,000 Youth Service Fund will be considered in this area, as well as draft education, resistance to militarism, and freedom of life styles.

The council elected 10 of its 20 young members from minority groups and decided that a fulltime director of its Youth Service Fund in Nashville, Tenn., will be a minority representative. In addition, several youth were nominated to United Methodist boards and agencies, many representing minority groups.

## PRIORITY, PRINCIPLES STUDY GUIDES AVAILABLE

Guides will soon be released by the United Methodist Board of Education to help churchmen study "priority issues" established by the 1970 General Conference.

Themes will include: "Meaning, Value and Life Style," "Population Explosion and Hunger," "Environmental Pollution," "White Racism and Black Revolution," and "Patterns of Economic Exploitation."

Guides are expected to be ready for use in December and throughout 1971.

Also available for study are drafts of a proposal of a new United Methodist statement of social principles.

Initiated by the denomination's Social Principles Study Commission, the drafts, plus a scathing criticism of the present statement, have been combined for study by congregations, groups, and individuals for the remainder of 1970.

The commission hopes to have enough feedback from the study by January, 1971, to authorize the writing of a single statement for presentation to the 1972 General Conference in Atlanta.



A hearty handshake is extended to one of her new American parishioners by Sister Blanche Baker (right), a deaconess of the British Methodist Church. At the invitation of the Board of Missions of The United Methodist Church, Miss Baker recently began a two-year ministry in this country, serving two small rural congregations in southern Illinois. She has been a deaconess 30 years and has traveled widely for her church.



## MORE PAY AND WORK (!) SEEN AS PASTOR NEEDS

Want to keep your pastor from leaving the ministry? Here are two suggestions:

1. Pay him more.
2. Be sure he stays busy.

These are among suggestions in a professional study conducted by United Methodism's Board of Missions. Although the study focused on the Alabama-West Florida Conference and involved interviews with only 29 men, the missions board said general conclusions can be drawn from the findings.

The survey found most ministers feel underpaid; most, in turn, blamed their low pay on small churches. Some men, regardless of size of church, gave the impression they do not have enough to do.

The survey recommended that both workloads and salaries be improved.

Dropout and potential dropout

## United Methodists in the News

**Charles E. Brewster**, managing editor of *new/World Outlook*, New York, N.Y., received an Associated Church Press award financing short-term study in Mid-Eastern countries.

**Kenneth R. Daniel**, president of the American Cast Iron Pipe Co., of Birmingham, Ala., and active layman at Canterbury United Methodist Church, has been named an industry chairman for the 30th annual National Bible Week observed Thanksgiving week.

First United Methodist employee to be elected to the Rhodesian Parliament is **Naboth A. Gandanzara**, treasurer of the central office of the Old Umtali United Methodist Mission.

**Cheryl Edith Pote**, a ninth-grade Sunday-school teacher at the United Methodist Church in Medford, Mass., and employee of Bay State Milling Company of Boston, received the Bay Stater Award citation for her excellent Sunday-school work.

**Dr. Charles P. Kellogg**, assistant general secretary of the General Board of the Laity's Division of Lay Life and Work, will spend an autumn sabbatical working with the Methodists of Jamaica.

**DEATH:** Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, 87, chaplain of the U.S. Senate for 24 years. **Elizabeth Stinson**, 72, former Board of Missions executive.

ministers feel their greatest frustrations, the survey found, not against laymen but against their annual conference for its failure to promote them to levels they felt they deserve.

These pastors also said seminary training was not adequate for parish challenges. One said, "Seminary teaches you how to have an effective ministry in a rational society, not how to deal with rednecks."

## METHODISTS, CATHOLICS DISCOVER SIMILARITIES

After representatives of the World Methodist Council and the Roman Catholic Church completed four days of conversations recently, one participant observed:

"Methodists have learned about Catholics and Catholics have learned about Methodists. Now that we are learning from each other we are finding many things in common."

The fourth in a series of conversations growing out of the Vatican Council's statements on Christian unity found such primary areas of agreement as spiritual life, home, and family.

Differences reportedly were discovered most strongly in the Eucharist (Holy Communion) and on authority in the church.

The Catholic-Methodist talks are part of a series Catholics are holding with various Protestant denominations and world confessional groupings.

## NEW MISSIONERS BEGIN HOME, OVERSEAS WORK

Missionaries sponsored by United Methodism's Board of Missions both at home and abroad began new terms of service this fall.

Twelve career missionaries of the World Division began terms in Africa, Asia, and Latin America.

The familiar U.S.-2 program, initiated 20 years ago and so called because it commits missionaries to two years of service in this country, will be sending 35 persons into service this year. They will serve in a variety of projects and programs, with assignments in the fields of reconciliation and social justice high on the list of priorities.



National hula hoop champion for a year until she relinquished her title recently was **Melody Ann Howe**, 12, daughter of the Rev. Burley R. Howe of Echo Park United Methodist Church in Los Angeles, Calif. For twirling the hoops better than any other of 500,000 contestants, she won a \$1,000 savings bond which she says will go toward her college education as a physics major. She also has performed piano solos with orchestras.

## FAMED RADIO PREACHER SOCKMAN DEAD AT 80

Dr. Ralph Sockman, one of United Methodism's best-known ministers, died August 29 in New York after a brief illness. He was 80.

Famed as preacher on *The National Radio Pulpit* program, Dr. Sockman served 44 years at Christ Church in New York, one of the longest pastorates in United Methodism.

Dr. Sockman's radio ministry, which itself covered 34 years, his many books, plus his reputation as a preacher made Christ Church a mecca for thousands of visitors.

Dr. Sockman served in many capacities, including president of the former Methodist Board of World Peace, president of the former New York Federation of Churches, and as a member of the World Council of Churches' Central Committee. He declined suggestions that he become a bishop, preferring, he said, to remain a local church pastor and preacher.

Burial was in his hometown of Mount Vernon, Ohio. He is survived by his wife and a daughter.



# WORLD ACTION: German Support, Rhodesian Protest

Recent United Methodist involvement in other countries ranged from a call by 35 U.S. churchmen for United States recognition of East Germany to the World Methodist Council's protest of the Rhodesian government's banning of a United Methodist bishop from black tribal areas.

Specific incidents occurred in these areas:

**Eastern Europe:** Following a tour of East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and the Soviet Union, 35 churchmen, mostly United Methodists, released several statements. In asking for diplomatic recognition of the German Democratic Republic, they noted the economic vitality and the industry of the people and added that there is more freedom and prosperity in East Germany than the average American assumes.

Reflecting on their visit to the Soviet Union, they said that many Soviet citizens "are sincerely for world peace" and urged cooperation with the Soviet Union in world economic development, space travel, and disarmament under the United Nations.

The group also stressed that the "Orthodox, Baptist, and Methodist churches in the USSR have more freedom, support by the people, and confidence in their future than we expected."

Also maintaining that the churches in the Soviet Union are far from dead was the head of the Mennonite Central Committee. Reporting on his own tour with a Baptist-Mennonite group, John A. Lapp gave the following approximate membership statistics for the largest churches: Russian Orthodox, 30 million; Baptist, 500,000; Lutheran, 100,000; and Mennonite, 40,000.

**Rhodesia:** The United Methodist Church and 16 other denominations in Rhodesia have taken strong stands against the government's Land Tenure Act which threatens loss of church institutions and makes interracial worship almost impossible.

The act divides Rhodesia into two equal parts, one for a quarter million whites and the other for five million blacks. It excludes whites from black lands and blacks from white areas without special permits from the government.

Under the act churches must declare their lands as black or white or register as "voluntary agencies." As such they could work in both areas under special conditions, authorization for which could be revoked any time.

The first native-born leader of The United Methodist Church in Rhodesia, Bishop Abel T. Muzorewa, a strong opponent to the act, was recently banned from black tribal areas by the Rhodesian government. This bars him from about three fourths of his church's 34,000 members. Expressing "profound dismay" over the action, the World Methodist Council called it an example of restriction of religious liberty.

**Viet Nam:** When a United Methodist tour group arrived in Saigon in August, five members were detained at the airport because their passports showed trips within recent years to Communist nations of Europe. Also questioned because of his earlier criticism of the South Vietnamese regime was the group's leader, Dr. Herman Will, Board of Christian Social Concerns executive. Commenting on the increased anti-American feeling in Viet Nam, he said it is not confined to the Viet Cong.

In the same month, U.S. United Methodists announced that five projects in Viet Nam will receive \$264,070 from the Fund for Reconciliation as a second installment toward a \$2 million goal for rehabilitation work in that country. Channeled through the United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief and the interdenominational Vietnam Christian Service program, the funds will go for training Vietnamese in social work, assistance in rehabilitation of amputees, scholarships in elementary education, assistance with Montagnard hostels, and rehabilitation of housing north of Saigon.

**India:** When the Southern Asia Central Conference of The United Methodist Church, known formally as the Methodist Church in Southern Asia (MCSA), met in August, it voted 106 to 48 against the plan of union which would create the Church of North India (CNI).

This was a surprising reversal of an earlier vote by annual conferences of the church approving the plan. Bishop A. J. Shaw said the

earlier action was only one of transferal to the Central Conference.

Although the MCSA would have provided about 600,000 of the CNI's 1.3 million members, other churches indicated they plan to go ahead with formal establishment of the new church in November.

According to Victor Koilpillai, Indian correspondent for *Christian Century*, Methodists were dissatisfied with final stages of merger negotiations, were reluctant to break with the U.S. church, and were pressured by women workers who were concerned about their status in the new church.

**Uruguay:** Leadership of The Methodist Church is solidly behind attempts of its president, Emilio Castro, to reconcile the trouble between the Uruguayan government and Tupamaros guerrillas.

These mediation efforts led to the arrest and later release in August of a Jesuit priest and Mr. Castro, who is also executive secretary of the Provisional Council for Evangelical Unity in Latin America.

The Tupamaros were seeking release of political prisoners in exchange for a Brazilian diplomat and two U.S. officials they held as hostages. One U.S. official, Daniel Mitrione, was killed by the guerrillas in August. An attempted kidnapping of a United Methodist missionary, the Rev. Carl D. Shafer, the only North American minister in Montevideo, and his son was unsuccessful.

**Culebra:** Residents of the island of Culebra were assured of "absolute support" by United Methodism's Puerto Rico Annual Conference in the Culebrans' efforts to rid the tiny island off the eastern end of Puerto Rico of U.S. Navy control.

Calling for maximum publicity of the issue, the conference urged United Methodists to visit the island in demonstration of their support.



# Films & TV

THE RECENTLY RELEASED film, **Soldier Blue**, is one of those movies that lend themselves to simple deductive description. A basic premise is suggested and then illustrated. Nothing, absolutely nothing more is added—no insight into the human situation, no personal vision shared, and no indication that the material illustrated has a solution or could be corrected.

Director Ralph Nelson begins with revisionist history: U.S. Army mistreatment of Indians during the last half of the 19th century. The specific incident occurred in Colorado where more than 500 women and children in an Indian village were slaughtered by our soldiers. An unspoken, but obvious second premise working for Nelson is the My Lai case, where the Army has charged a unit of U.S. soldiers with a similar massacre of Vietnamese civilians.

Given this parallel and the growing national unease over a badly tarnished American image, Nelson might have explored the pain of a nation beginning to face unpleasant facts about itself. He fails to do this because his is a deductive picture, never moving beyond the simple illustration of his initial premises, i.e., some U.S. soldiers in the early West and in Viet Nam have acted in beastly fashion.

So deductive is the film that its structure sticks out for all to see. There is no subtle development of character, no nuance that reveals an unexpected plot or personality twist, only a pedantic plodding from initial premise to final gory massacre. Instead of a film, what emerges is a product of a commercially oriented committee at work, developing a picture that will exploit a current national concern.

The committee began with the recognition that the younger kids who are seeing films today tend to be idealistic, so they will respond to the debunking of the military myth. But the soldiers must be so obnoxious that patriots in the audience will not identify them as "ours." The film's big moment will be the massacre, and everything before this must prepare the audience for the obvious message that on this occasion some brutes in U.S. uniform slaughtered innocent civilians. Anti-establishment audiences will be able to identify these killers with all U.S. soldiers, and patriots will be able to thrill to the gore without feeling guilty, because the doers of this particular deed are soldiers Erroll Flynn and John Wayne never would have accepted for combat.

To get to the massacre Director Nelson has to hold audience interest for almost two hours (the massacre itself lasts only about 20 minutes), while he makes his pseudoliberal point that we mistreated the Indians when we stole their land. Candy Bergen carries this particular plot load. She is established as a white woman who lived with the Cheyenne tribe for two years. Rescued, she is returning home when her traveling party is raided, leaving two survivors, Miss Bergen and Peter Strauss (the "soldier blue" of the title).

Together they start walking home. Strauss becomes the disbelieving American liberal, who keeps telling his companion that soldiers are not mean to Indians.

She insists they are. They stole Indian land, raped their women, taught the Indians to scalp victims, and so on—data which revisionist historians have given us. This is data that reeks with ambiguity because it is true and our Western record is ugly, but simplistic condemnation is no better than the simplistic lie that all Indians are cutthroats and all soldiers and pioneers are lovable.

About two thirds of the film's running time is devoted to the Bergen-Strauss walk and talk sessions. Nelson establishes Miss Bergen as a coarse female, given to heavy language and tough feet. Her profanity is the only thing that keeps her from looking like Doris Day playing Annie Oakley, and its only apparent purpose is to suggest that living with Indians deprived her of her femininity, a concession to the racists in the audience. Trouble is, when we finally meet the Indians, they are tender, gentle, nonprofane and as genteel as Victorian ladies. Further, Miss Bergen's profanity (and this really reveals the film's cynicism) is strictly 20th-century white-man talk, the kind of language ghetto kids like to use to show their disdain for whiteness.

After the long walk with a profane Annie Oakley and a sobbing white liberal, we get to the massacre. It is gory. One Indian woman is set up for a rape. Women and children are gunned down. A woman's head is chopped off. All of this is designed to thrill the gore-lovers and to sicken the Army-haters. But Director Nelson covers his flanks. Just before the soldiers march into the village, a U.S. flag is shown on the ground, trampled into the dirt by the heartless military brutes—a not-so-subtle Pilate image.

Why spend so much time talking about this mediocre film, you ask? Why not ignore it and talk about the uplifting pictures? Because the film that poses as a sermon against U.S. militarism but actually exploits gore is a greater danger than the pro-military picture. Beware of those who pretend to be your friends and merely use you for their own profit.

—James M. Wall

## TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

**October 22, 8:30-10 p.m., EDT** on NET—*The Serpent* by Jean-Claude Van Italie, performed by the Open Theater. Avant-garde approach to drama, and to Genesis. May stimulate you, may anger you, but will make you think about your theological position, and that is a good evening on TV. If your NET station is not carrying this one, ask them to schedule it.

**October 24, 8:30-9 p.m., EDT** on CBS—*It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown* (repeat).

**October 24, 8:30-9 p.m., EDT** on NBC—*Goldilocks* (repeat).

**October 27, 10-11 p.m., EST** on CBS—*Television and Politics*.

**October 29, 8:30-10 p.m., EST** on NET—*The Ceremony of Innocence* with Richard Kiley.

**October 31** (time to be announced) on NBC—*Children's Theater*.

**November 1, 5-6 p.m., EST** on CBS—Cartoon special, *Tales of Washington Irving*.

**November 1, 6:30-7:30 p.m.,**

**EST** on CBS—*Election Preview*.

**November 3, beginning at 7 p.m., EST** on NBC and CBS—*Election night coverage*.

**November 4, 9-10 p.m., EST** on NBC—*Ice Capades*.

**November 12, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST** on NBC—*Kifaru—The Black Rhinoceros*, a special about the rhinoceros.

**November 15, 8-9 p.m., EST** on ABC—*The Klowns*. Backstage at the circus with Sammy Davis, Jr., Juliet Prowse, and Jerry Lewis.

**November 17, 9-11 p.m., EST** on NBC—Hallmark Hall of Fame, *Hamlet*, starring Richard Chamberlain.

**Thursdays in November, 8:30 p.m., EST**—NET Playhouse. Two scheduled dramas are William Saroyan's *Making Money and Thirteen Other Very Short Stories*—Pat Hingle stars in this collection of humorous vignettes—and Tennessee Williams's never before performed *I Can't Imagine Tomorrow* with Kim Stanley. □



# The Love Rebellion

SOMEHOW a madness has come upon our times. Rebellion and violence seem to be everywhere. In the words of William Butler Yeats:

*Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;  
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world.*

Destructive conflict has almost become a way of life in America. We are so accustomed to it now we have nearly come to expect it. Many of our most popular films and television programs explode with violence. Our daily news reports describe increasing levels of conflict all about us.

Our recent history is splattered with the blood of national figures whose assassinations reveal the dark reaches of hatred lurking deep within the psyche of modern man. Mass murders luridly displayed in news headlines fail to shock us in an age which has too largely lost its sense of value for human life.

Across the land large numbers of whites and blacks face each other as enemies, tragically fulfilling the warning of the President's National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders that our nation is moving "toward two societies, one black, one white, separate and unequal." And while the commission correctly identified white racism as the basic cause of this separation, many have fears that a rising black racism may emerge, further contributing to the crisis.

Citizens around the nation are arming themselves in anticipation of Armageddon. Suburban housewives coolly take target practice with newly purchased revolvers, shooting bullet holes into black silhouettes. And in the city ghettos, revolutionaries in a running battle with police store up caches of small arms and ammunition. Radical students blow up "establishment" targets (or, accidentally, themselves) with crudely created dynamite bombs.

Why this rebellion?

Many of the young are increasingly impatient with a social order too tolerant of racial injustice, too willing to countenance war as an instrument of national policy, too much bent on advancing materialistic technology without concern for the smothering wastes it produces, and too prone to a hypocritical verbalizing of a morality

which it never attains. And so, they have become terribly alienated and have turned progressively from peaceful protest to confrontation to coercion and, at last, to willful destruction. Many of the older generation see this reaction as arrogant, irresponsible, irrational, anarchistic, and destructive rebellion.

What then is the answer? How can a modern man avoid the disease of bitter alienation which infects our times? How can he cope with the raging rebellion of our day?

The man of faith believes that the answer is to be found in God. T. S. Eliot in his *Four Quartettes* put it thus:

*The only hope, or else despair,  
Lies in the choice of pyre or pyre—  
To be redeemed from fire by fire.*

Eliot is saying that only a great passion can master another great passion. Christians believe that only the searing flame of Christ's love can overcome the raging fires of men's hatreds, "because the love of Christ overwhelms us" (2 Corinthians 5:14, The Jerusalem Bible).

In the midst of contemporary conflicts Christians need to surrender themselves fully to Christ's all-conquering love so that they may become instruments of his peace.

Many of us, looking at the sickening conflicts of our day, have felt like rebelling against the sorry scene. There are indeed many injustices which must be eliminated. There are social and personal evils to be purged. Some kind of rebellion is needed. But rather than taking up the destructive weapons of hatred and violence, we must respond to Christ's call and join the "love rebellion."

Simply put, this means to fight fire with fire. Overcome the scarring heat of hatred with the cleansing fire of love—that same love of our Lord who gave himself completely for others, even unto death. As Eliot further states it:

*We only live, only suspire,  
Consumed by either fire or fire.*

Join the "love rebellion." Whenever you hear hateful words spoken and violent moods supported, be a rebel by speaking out in love. Wherever you meet injustice, confront it with love. Whenever your own attitudes become clouded because of prejudice, alienated because of conflict, vindictive because of wrongs committed against you, rise up in rebellion against such attitudes. Surrender yourself instead to the Love which knows no limit.

Persons possessed by love give themselves to healing rather than hurting, to understanding rather than judging, to reconciling rather than alienating.

Within the church, no amount of concern for "society" or for "souls"—for radical social action or for individual redemption—is a legitimate substitute for the genuine expression of Christlike love for persons. Sweeping church programs are tragically inadequate unless they are founded upon, and expressed in, the spirit of Christ's self-giving love.

The flames of contemporary strife rage all about our world. Only the burning love of Christ can equip and empower the church for such a time as this.—Your Editors

Bishop Roy C. Nichols:

# Others Wait for Elevators; He Takes the Stairs

Text by JAMES CAMPBELL / Pictures by GEORGE P. MILLER

IT IS an unusual distinction to be elected a bishop of The United Methodist Church. Of the denomination's 34,600 active ordained ministers in the United States, only 45 now serve in this, the church's highest office. Each man brings to the role his own distinctions in experience, talents, skills, and philosophy.

Bishop Roy C. Nichols, resident head of the Pittsburgh Area, is typical in many ways. He joined the exclusive episcopal fraternity after serving 25 years as a local-church pastor, was a delegate to four General Conferences, and held a variety of leadership roles in the communities where he was a pastor.

But among members of the United Methodist Council of Bishops, Bishop Nichols holds one unique distinction. When the Northeastern Jurisdiction elected him to the episcopacy in 1968, he became the first Negro elected to serve in that jurisdiction and the first of his race to be elevated to the episcopacy by any jurisdiction other than the former all-Negro Central Jurisdiction. His election dispelled much of the fear held by many former Central Jurisdiction members that no black man ever would be chosen a bishop by a predominately white constituency.

Born 52 years ago in Hurlock, Maryland, and reared in Philadelphia, the bespectacled leader looks the part of bishop with his barely graying crewcut and neatly trimmed mustache, speaking and moving with a smooth, self-possessed style.

And how he moves! Many find it difficult to keep up. But when asked about the busyness of his schedule, the bishop cautions, "I'm not really impressed with a busy schedule, but rather its in-depth meaning. That's what matters most."

A typical week's agenda might include a one-day trip to the West Coast for a speaking engagement (he was guest speaker at three annual conferences this year), counseling sessions with persons coming into the ministry or with students, dedication of a new church, inspection

of one of the conference agencies, meetings with church and civic officials—and the list goes on. Despite this kind of schedule, the five-foot-nine, 180-pound bishop seems to gain momentum. While others wait for elevators, he takes the stairs.

Bishop Nichols's area includes 22 Pennsylvania counties, roughly that third of the Keystone State lying west of the Allegheny Mountains. The area has 1,082 United Methodist churches with a total membership of 280,000 representing the union of both Western Pennsylvania Annual Conferences of the former Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren Churches last January 1. In addition, 54 charges with more than 6,000 members will become part of the Pittsburgh Area as a result of recently voted merger with part of the former EUB Erie Conference. Western Pennsylvania Conference has the highest number of probationers and new men coming into the United Methodist ministry.

The bishop came into the episcopacy from the pastorate of 2,800-member Salem United Methodist Church in the heart of New York City's Harlem. Previously, he had pastored Downs Memorial Church in Berkeley, Calif., from 1949 to 1964.

Under Bishop Nichols's ministry Salem Church constructed an \$800,000 community center which includes in its program job training and placement for teen-agers, athletic activities, after-school clubs, tutorial services, day care, senior citizens programs, and Scouting.

In the hallway of the Nichols 19th-floor apartment overlooking Pittsburgh's domed city auditorium (site of the 1964 Methodist General Conference) hang several plaques given the bishop. One with 700 signatures came from appreciative citizens of Berkeley where his civic activities included four years on the Board of Education, one year as the board's president. The citation reads:

"Dear Roy:

"We offer you our admiration for your skill in leadership, your vision, your dedication, your keen mind, our appreciation for your great good nature, your humor, your patience and your warmth. We shall miss you immeasurably!"

Mrs. Nichols, a native of Spokane, Wash., is a doctor





A man constantly on the move, Bishop Nichols puts in many hours behind the wheel of his 1969 Mercury, visiting Western Pennsylvania churches and institutions. He thrives on personal contact with people, as at Brookville Church (above) where he and Mrs. Nichols greet worshipers following Sunday-morning services. Back in Pittsburgh (left) the bishop heads for his office, now in temporary quarters. Rising across the street is the Methodist Church Union's new 26-story, \$10-million Smithfield Plaza which will house the area headquarters when completed next spring.



of surgical podiatry. Gracious and soft-spoken, she has not practiced since the couple moved east, though she retains her California license. She says she finds being a bishop's wife exciting because her husband "is an exciting person." She often travels with him and keeps busy helping with his correspondence, both business and personal mail. At the Pittsburgh YMCA she serves on a special project committee designed to meet the needs of teenage girls in the city's black community which she calls "a most neglected area." She occasionally plays tennis.

Considered an ardent preacher of the gospel, Bishop Nichols likes to talk about preaching which he believes should be Jesus centered. "People want social action, yes," he says. "But they also want spiritual action and they depend on their minister for this. We need men who can communicate the spiritual to churchmen through their preaching, counseling, personal life, worship, and social action."

The conservative-dressing bishop does not particularly like characterizing himself, but says that if he must, he would consider himself a responsible radical. "If a radical is one who goes to the roots of things, then I have to be a radical. But I have a responsibility for both friend and foe."

*Two events on a busy day's schedule: Early-morning worship with students of an ecumenical college-house ministry and an hours-long meeting of the Western Pennsylvania Conference cabinet. Main agenda item of the preconference session: pastoral appointments for the year ahead.*





The bishop sees no special ambassadorship in his position. He rejects the notion of being the representative of any single segment of the church. "In Pittsburgh I maintain my relationship with the black community, but I refuse to be pigeonholed into one role. I am concerned with all the interests of the community, whether they be sanitary, recreational, or social. I am a bishop of all the people, including black people."

Shortly after James Forman came out with his "Black Manifesto" demanding \$500 million for blacks from white churches, Bishop Nichols drafted a seven-point statement opposing the manifesto.

"As the episcopal leader I felt my position should be made clear," he explains. "I disagreed with both Forman's ideology and tactic. Black people in America are not going to be liberated by money handouts. His [Forman's] vague statement of a program of economic empowerment seemed hastily prepared to me. Black Christians must prod the church to reorient its total resources, but programs of economic empowerment must be carefully conceived in terms of both short and long-range objectives." Then he adds thoughtfully, "This is serious business."

He cautions, "One has to be careful when he is a leader

*On the third-floor level, Bishop Nichols examines plans for Smithfield Plaza, designed as income-producing property to support the Methodist Church Union's 10 social-service agencies. At Allegheny College in Meadville the bishop attended his first meeting as a trustee.*





At still another meeting, this time in his own office (above), the bishop hears from officials of the Pittsburgh antipoverty program about a plan for educating youth in science and mathematics. With him is the Rev. David J. Wynne (right), executive vice-president of Pittsburgh Goodwill Industries which is closely allied with United Methodism. At home in their spacious apartment (below), the bishop gets a few moments of relaxation with his newspaper and small talk with his wife, Ruth. The bishop calls her "Babe," a derivative of "Baby Ruth," the pet name her family used when she was a child.





not to be boxed into one category. When you are a bishop, you are in an administrative role and your congregation is unseen except when you appear before some of the constituents. The only unfortunate thing about being a bishop is that you don't have the privilege of picking your role."

The 52-year-old leader has a passion for the local church and talks cheerfully about what he calls action-oriented churches in his area. He takes up for the small congregations which, he insists, form the backbone of The United Methodist Church. He believes that many men fail in the Christian ministry or leave it because "they lack confidence in the potency of the gospel." And he insists: "Nothing I have seen in so-called secular society equals the potential of the local church in bringing about personal and social change.

"Modern theists are frightened by the overwhelming achievements on the part of practical scientists. But the praise still belongs to God who created man with the brain potential to discover what has already been given in the divinely created universe. Pastors without apology are still effective if their gospel embraces both the penetrating personal need for man's conversion and the social obligation of a redeemed humanity to acknowledge and participate in the kingdom of God. It is the quality of life which makes the existence meaningful."

Observing a bishop, one has to be awed by the ruggedness of his schedule. In less than 24 hours which began on a Saturday morning Bishop Nichols drove 150 miles (and how he drives!) for a college board of trustees meeting, visited a church home for the aged, drove another 90 miles to be near his Sunday preaching appointment, spent the night at a motel, assisted in the Baptism of babies, and preached a vigorous sermon for a congregation of 300. After the service he and Mrs. Nichols were feted at a church dinner before the two left for New York where he was to attend a meeting the next day.

The fact that the bishop does not tire easily may be attributable to the vigor he developed in the sport of backpacking which he and his family enjoyed during the 23 years they lived in California. He has little time for it now, but does manage regularly to do some weight lifting and calisthenics.

All three of the Nichols children are away from home now. Melisande is married and teaches in New York, while Allegra and Nathan are both students, she at Boston University, he at Wesleyan University in Connecticut.

Mrs. Nichols confesses that she misses the intimacy of the local church and the 20-year medical practice she left behind on the West Coast. But being a bishop's wife, she maintains, more than compensates for the loss of both. She keeps a bag packed for him at all times. Says she, "We must keep him ready, you know."

In a joking mood, the bishop likes to kid his cabinet members, telling them he could have made a mistake in leaving the pastorate because, he says, "That is where the action is." But then he chides, "I'm sure the Lord knows best."

And as he often says in his sermons, "So be it. So be it." □



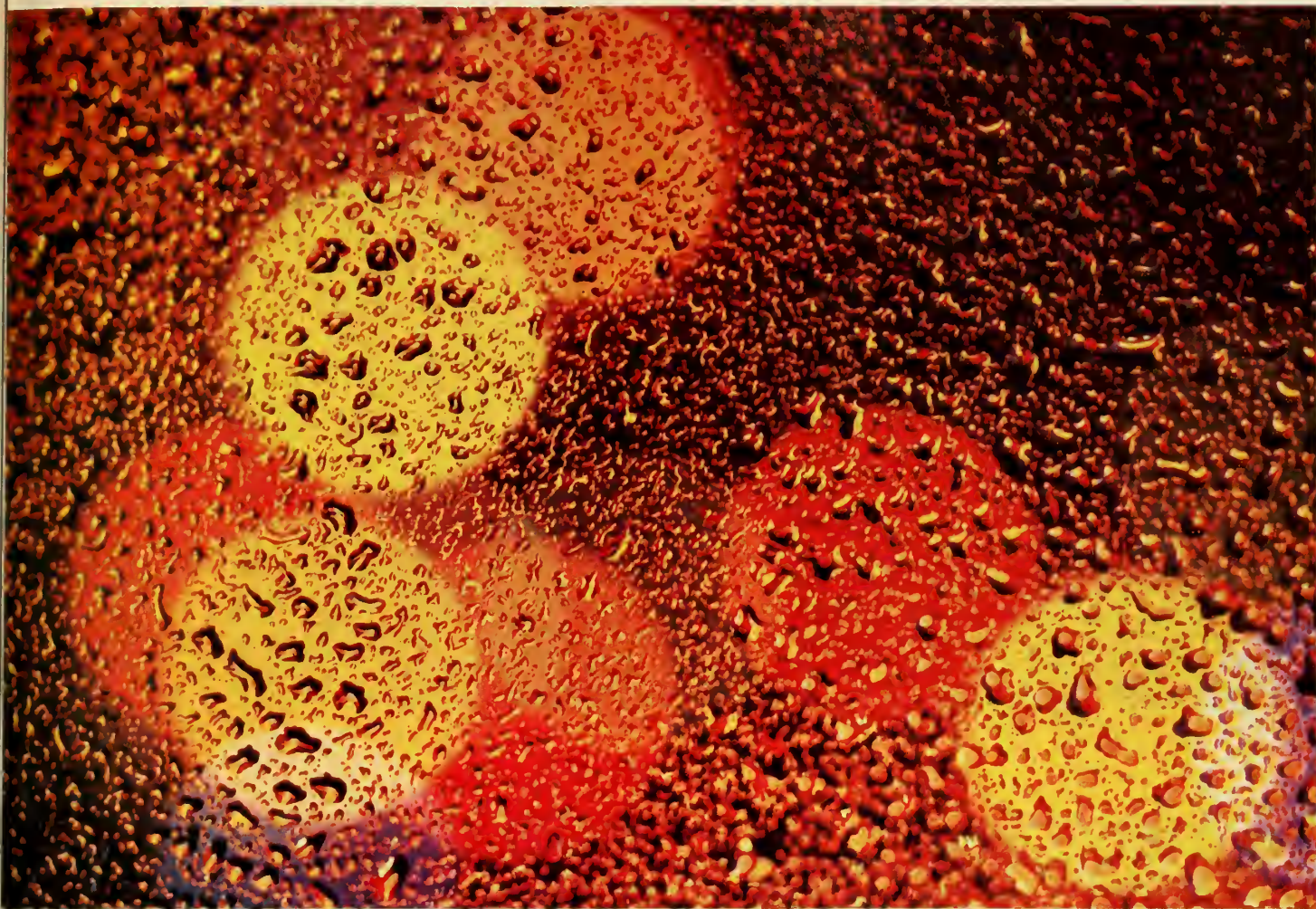
*Seated at the desk which serves as his study in the apartment, Bishop Nichols reflects on the day's events and goes over his schedule for tomorrow. In addition to many responsibilities in his own episcopal area, he serves on the General Board of Evangelism and on the World Council of Churches' policy-making Central Committee and its executive committee.*

Joyful,  
Joyful,  
We Adore  
Thee

♦THE FIRST poet had no written language; he put his feelings of reverence into pictures, crude as they may have been. Aeons later, Dr. Henry van Dyke sat down to express his own reverence in *Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee*, a nature poem that would soon provide the lyrics for a well-known hymn. And, last year, scores of photographers went out to interpret—once again in pictures—the feelings that inspired the poet. The superb color pictures on the following pages are the result. They are only a few selected from hundreds submitted by readers in *Together's 14th Photo Invitational*. We hope you will agree that their pictures add even deeper meaning to one of our finest hymns.

—Your Editors





Dorothy I. Kientz, Verona, N.J.



Mrs. J. W. Hopkinson, Bradenton, Fla.

**J**oyful, joyful, we adore thee,  
 God of glory, Lord of love;  
 Hearts unfold like flowers before thee,





Chaplain Richard E. Chavarry, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

**O**pening to the sun above.  
 Melt the clouds of sin and sadness;  
 Drive the dark of doubt away;  
 Giver of immortal gladness,  
 Fill us with the light of day!



George H. Hallace, Boulder, Colo



*All thy works with joy surround thee,  
Earth and heav'n reflect thy rays,  
Stars and angels sing around thee,  
Center of unbroken praise;*

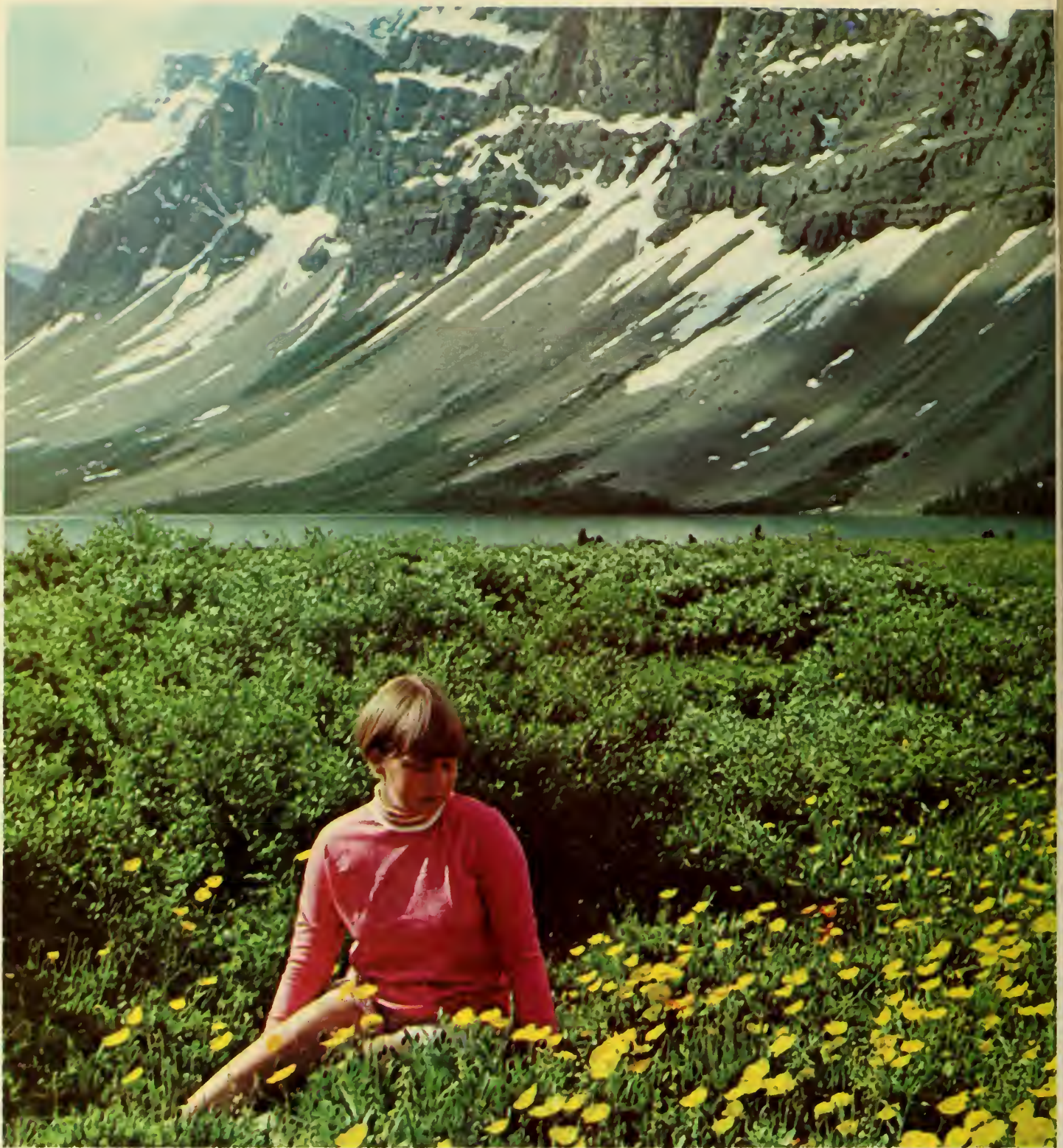


Gordon E. O'Dell, Oklahoma City, Okla.



Mrs. Paul F. Barker, Rochester, N.Y.

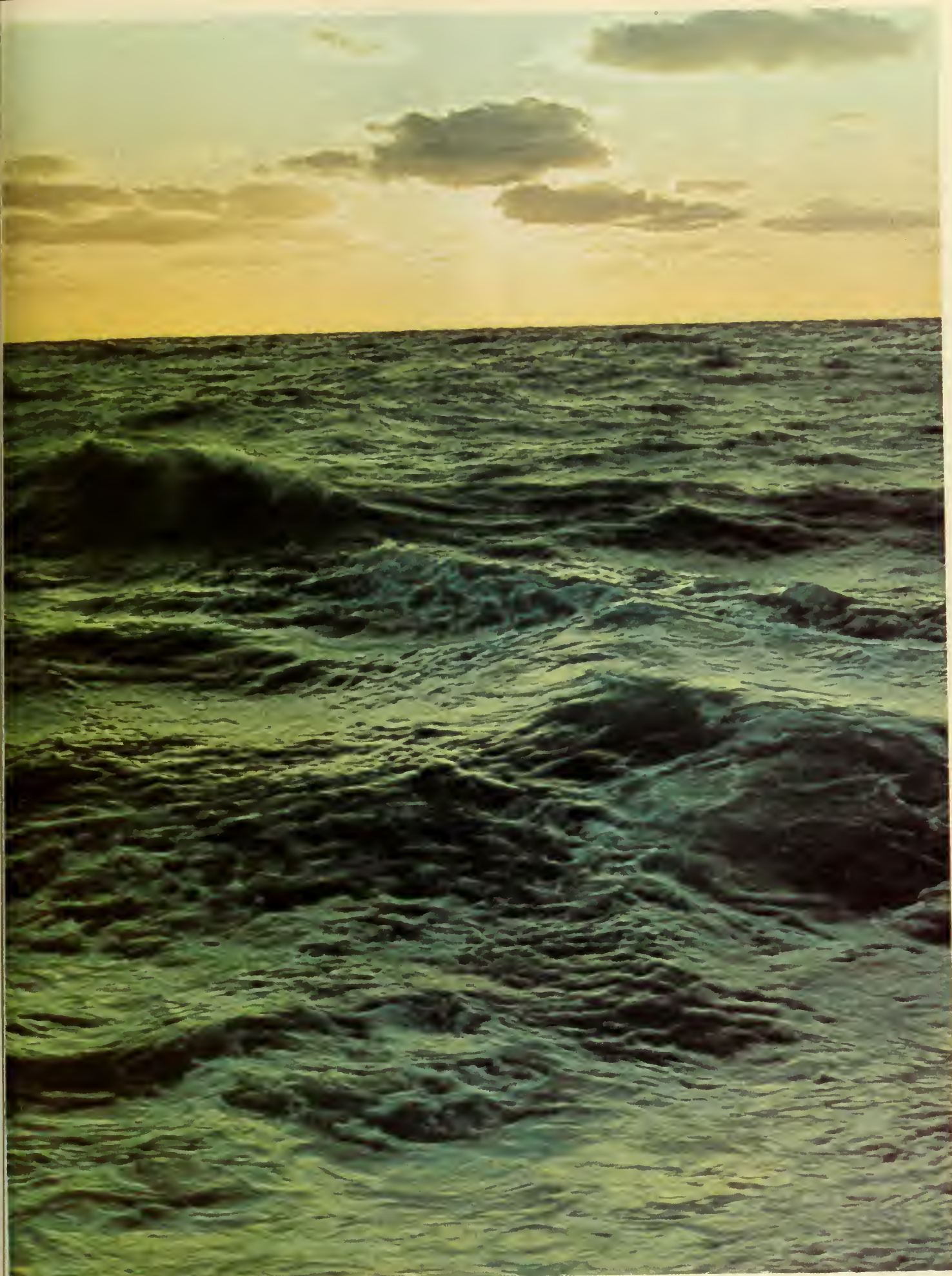




Gene C. Frazier, Muncie, Ind.

**F**ield and forest, vale and mountain,  
Flowery meadow, flashing sea,  
Chanting bird and flowing fountain,  
Call us to rejoice in thee.





Larry Simpson, Norfolk, Va.



**T**hou art giving and forgiving,  
Ever blessing, ever blest,  
Wellspring of the joy of living,  
Ocean-depth of happy rest!

**T**hou our Father, Christ our brother,  
All who live in love are thine;  
Teach us how to love each other,  
Lift us to the joy divine.

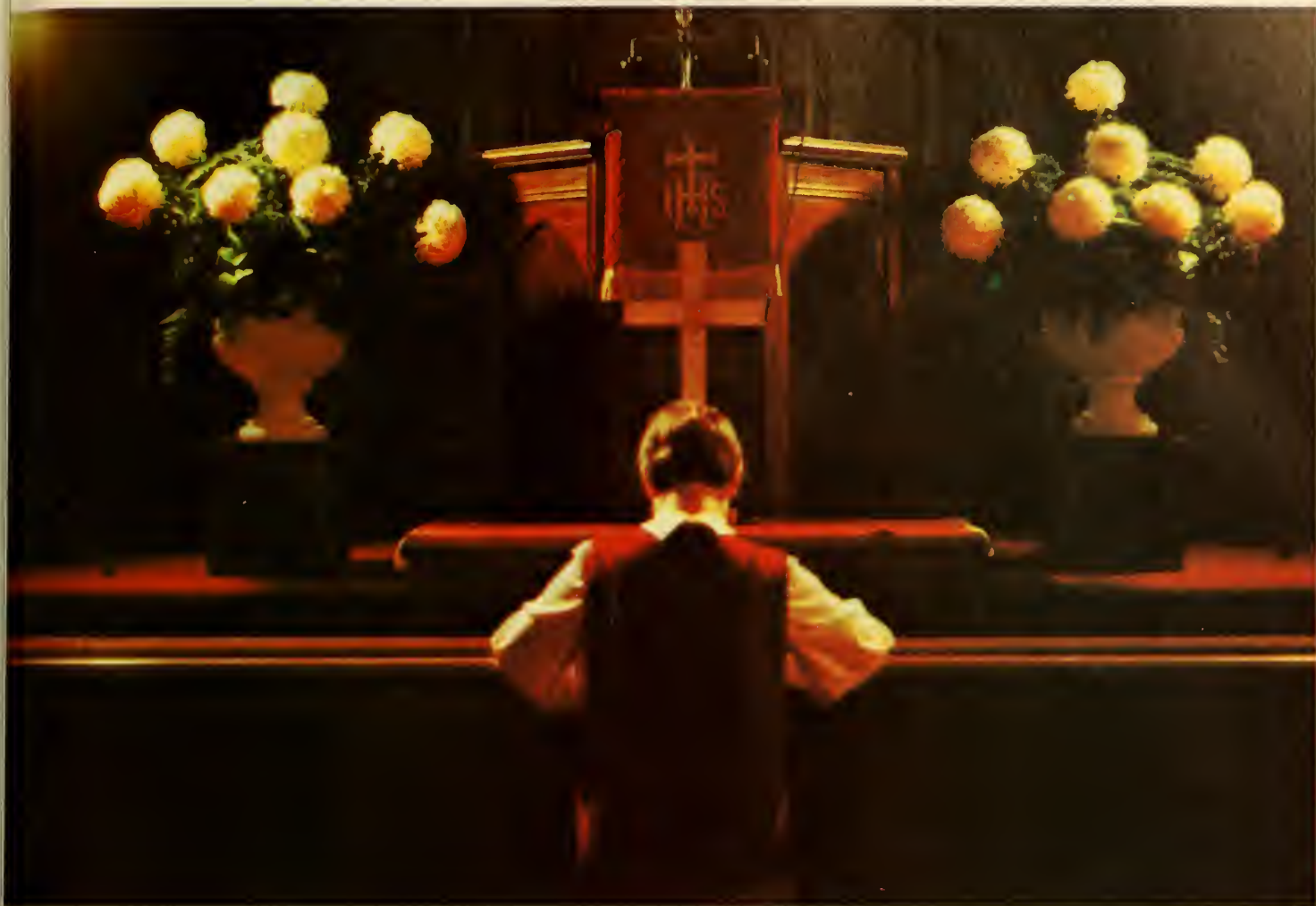


Mrs. Lester Barwick, Wayne, N.J.



Harold E. Hodgson, Cranston, R.I.





J. Troy Massey, Oklahoma City, Okla.

**M**ortals join the mighty chorus,  
 Which the morning stars began;  
 Father love is reigning o'er us,  
 Brother love binds man to man.



Diana Eck, Cambridge, Mass.



Paul M. Hurd, Annapolis, Md.

**E***ver singing, march we onward,  
Victors in the midst of strife;  
Joyful music leads us sunward,  
In the triumph song of life.*





"Going home" is one of the most appealing—and sentimental—phrases in our language. This is the true story of one who did return. He retraced boyhood steps in autumn glory, pondered past and future, found old keepsakes in an attic, and reached a momentous decision during—

# HOME COMING

By HERMAN B. TEETER  
Associate Editor, TOGETHER

ONE FALL MORNING a year ago, while rummaging around in a dusty garage attic behind my boyhood home, I came across a 50-year-old picture of "Miss Chloe Deaton's 2nd Grade Class, 1920." It shows a score of ragamuffin boys, plus a total of 13 pretty little girls, all squinting into an afternoon sun that seems as far away in time as it is in space.

"I am the one in the back row," is my childish scrawl, identifying a snaggletoothed towhead in gallused overalls. "I'm standing by Vernon Anderson."

Old attics, like aging people, are eddies in the backwaters of time. They collect useless debris, used-up mem-

ories, and irretrievable years. That morning, among the cobwebs, I found a college yearbook, a 1929 science-fiction magazine full of amazing predictions, a wooden bucket from a home ice-cream freezer, a 1932 copy of *College Humor*. I uncovered a brake rod from a Model-T, some penny postcards, scrapbooks, a 1936 diary, two bicycle tires, a coverless cookbook, and a section of stovepipe (with damper) from a base burner with isin-glass eyes. Also a 1921 copy of *Country Gentleman*.

The forgotten past surrounded me, catching me at a time in life somewhere between middle-age and retirement, a chronological twilight zone no one seems to







know how to label. It found me, also, stalled on the brink of what could be for me—and me alone—one of the major decisions of my life.

I climbed down from the attic with an armload of things past, and walked back to the house through a shower of autumn leaves. Late October is a glorious time to be back in my hometown. Fall colors come rampaging out of the mountains, cascading into the town from surrounding ridges and hills. Maples burn with slow fire, and banners of gold and crimson arch the streets. When the midnight moon is white, and the air still, frost forms like snow on lawns and rooftops.

There is a promise that hangs in the crisp air of every autumn. This is the best season to call old grads back to campus, and I had returned, not only to decide about an event yet 10 years distant, but to attend homecoming festivities at my alma mater on the edge of town.

It would be my first campus homecoming after 35 years. But time, you are assured, has not passed. Things have not changed. Mirrors lie. Doctors lie. The old school spirit will soar again.

After 35 years? In your mid-fifties? When you find it a little disturbing to look at the earnest, immature young faces in a 1932 college yearbook?

"We call your time of life the frightful fifties," a wise old doctor told me. "We finally have to face things we've been shoving aside. It is more than a physical thing. Along about this time the waters of life can become quite turbulent for some of us, and we need to find a spiritual and psychological harbor. Most of us, fortunately, are able to find calm waters and more serenity than we have ever known."

Idly, I leafed through my boyhood keepsakes. In the stone fireplace, logs sizzled and popped like tiny firecrackers. Peanuts roasted slowly in a pan on the hearth, and I wondered if medical science has a tranquilizer equal to that of an open fire.

Squatting on the mantel over the fireplace, Seth Thomas gnawed away at time. This clock was old when it struck the hour of my birth, and it may yet be around somewhere to note my passing. Our ancient sentinel of Time—a family heirloom composed of weights, pulleys, and intricate cog work—is almost 75 years old. It has ruled my life impassively, ignoring my absence, oblivious of my return.

Seth Thomas presided over my meditations that morning. Given good health and a few more years, I thought, I can come back to live in this old house, on the same street where I grew up, amid familiar scenes. It would be a commonplace decision to make, weighting that possibility against the bright new vistas opening to retired couples in sunnier climes. Actually, it was not too late to make plans for retirement in more carefree places, although hopes for that golden-age mansion overlooking a Pacific beach had long since been abandoned as an adolescent dream.

Do you remember adolescence? Like me, perhaps, you found it an endless agony of self-conscious uncertainty. The entire town seemed unkind to me, a prison from which there was no escape. No one understood. I blushed, stammered, stumbled, and sought hiding places. I walked the streets alone, especially on foggy nights, playing Sherlock Holmes in a cheap trench coat, dreading every tomorrow. It never occurred to me that the fog conceal-

ing my real and imaginary inadequacies extended only a few hundred feet overhead; that up there somewhere the sky was sprinkled with a million stars.

Adolescence finally passes for most of us. We go our various ways. We make our escape. And in 1969 I returned to walk the streets of my hometown when the bright leaves of autumn were falling. I went to stand on the brick platform at the abandoned railroad passenger depot and recalled the great locomotives that came thundering through the valley, shaking the town, echoing between the hills, breathing fire.

In silence I listened for sounds that come no more: screen doors slamming, roller skates grinding, ice wagons rumbling, noon whistles shrilling, player pianos tinkling, hand-wound phonographs telling the neighborhood about those little white lies, Ramona, and the death of Floyd Collins in a lonely sandstone cave.

Nostalgia, we know, wears a false, sentimental face. I am not a barefoot boy chasing fireflies on a summer night. The Torrence Street gang no longer gathers on a grassy triangle under a dim street light to plot mischief. Spider Webb comes no more to deliver 50 pounds of ice every other day. The phone number is changed from 512-W to 967-2043, area code 501. Traffic passes on a new interstate highway two miles to the north. The roots of the mighty elm trees, whose widespread limbs were the abode of a 12-year-old Tarzan, are tearing up the sidewalk in front of the house. The nearby brook has eaten down to slate bottom and no longer is alive with minnows and crayfish. My father's garage, beneath that attic, may fall in upon itself any day now, burying his 1951 Chrysler. A few palings are gone from the little white fence around the yard, one gatepost keeps falling down, and a plank is missing from the front porch.

But this is a pretty town, population about 12,000, almost twice what it was when I went away. It remains clean and fairly neat because it is not yet overindustrialized. The college is neither small nor large, as colleges go, but it is growing every year. It boasts almost as many professors as there were students in my day.

Things have a good feel about them here. It was good to be back again, to sit before the fire with my father, to crack roasted peanuts and hurl the shells into the flames. The old clock on the mantel has ticked away most of his 83 years, and I have seen the changes age brings to a face once broad and sun-browned, to a body once sturdy and fit.

"Have you decided?" my father asked quietly.

I told him I would let him know. . . .

ON THE broad main street, Homecoming banners waved green and gold in the west wind. The cool air was full of "Beat the Tigers!" Bands marched, pretty girls—what pretty girls!—pranced, floats passed. In the plateglass windows of The New Store (since 1895) my reflection was not the same as it once was, and I knew it.

It was good to shake hands with my high-school coach, to see him looking so well after a serious heart attack, not knowing he would be dead two months later. Away from his classroom, where I cowered in moist-palm dread before algebra and geometry, Wallace Bailey molded town and country boys into football teams that often won over greater odds. At a time when big-time coaches

crow over 100-victory careers, this retired coach and school superintendent could look back quietly to 184 wins, 46 losses, and 12 ties. (The state's leading newspaper, which had published hundreds of thousands of words about the exploits of his athletic teams, recorded his death in a three-inch obituary, and did not even mention that he had been a high-school coach—one of the nation's most successful.)

I dropped into a drugstore and talked to "Cat" Leming; saw John Holbrook in his cleaning and pressing shop; met T. A. Wilson near his printing firm, and visited my cousin Mildred in the flower shop. These are among the few who stayed when so many of us went away. A scattering of others became the town's leading doctors, lawyers, merchants, and real-estate men.

What was it the old doctor said about the peace and contentment that can come after the trials and turbulence of life? Perhaps he meant you finally come to accept things as they really are—that after a time you begin to recognize the divine principles that govern a life, a town, and a limitless universe. Then, perhaps, the pieces of a gigantic jigsaw puzzle begin to fall into place, revealing purpose and unity in our lives.

Purpose and unity? Were both to be found in Oakland Cemetery where I went to walk among the graves that October afternoon? It occurred to me that, at 56, I know more people beneath the earth on this peaceful rolling hillside than anywhere else in town. Some are in the dim picture of my second-grade class, others from high school and college days. Andy, Sid, Charley, Ralph, Craig, and—suddenly, shockingly, only a few weeks earlier—Roy, age 57, one of the best friends I had ever known.

Deep inside, as I walked among the dead that autumn twilight, I seemed to be talking to those I had known so well. It was almost as though I wanted their counsel and advice. I called them up in memory as they once were: elders and boyhood cronies, uncles and aunts, sweethearts and cousins—the countless dead who were a part of my hometown. All are here, and hardly a week passes without the opening of a new grave to receive another.

There is grief and regret in such places to be sure. But no longer did I feel the macabre sense of impending doom, the sick sadness, the fright and feeling of futility that came with the thought of death. And I wondered: Is not the reality of this cemetery a vital part of life, that one piece of the jigsaw puzzle we are reluctant to place down to complete the picture?

I wondered again that night as I sat in the stadium watching the Wonder Boys win our homecoming game on the brightly lighted football field below. One of the stars was Bill Nelson, a muscular young man noted on the program as "possible pro material," and I recognized him as a larger image of his father, a boyhood friend, who died two years ago.

The game over, I struck out across town toward home. I wanted to walk again in the night, to think things over. By the time I crossed the railroad tracks near the dark depot, most of the traffic had cleared away, and the streets were silent again. Overhead, the stars were bright, very bright, but clouds were beginning to move in over Skyline Drive and Pine Knob.

I walked up Denver Avenue near six fine churches that cluster within a three-block area. The burnished cross

atop First United Methodist Church glowed in soft light on the new bell tower. While this church was under construction, I played monkeylike on the high steel beams over what is now the choir loft. I ushered here as a young man, and once taught a class of small boys.

On Boulder Avenue, I noticed a light burning in the back of the house where Miss Chloe Deaton, my second-grade teacher, still lives. I thought of the sweet face and kind brown eyes of the woman so many hundreds of children have loved, and I could hardly believe that age had touched her countenance so lightly.

Suddenly I realized I was the only one anywhere on the street. After years of a big city's faceless throngs, unending streams of automobiles, the realization came almost as a shock. My shadow lengthened and returned to me under the lights that glimmered through autumn trees. The wind whirled fallen leaves into tiny tornadoes, whisking them away among the sleeping houses. More than half of these houses, I recalled, were standing when I walked this way as a first-grader in 1919. This night in 1969 the old houses seemed solid and friendly, almost as permanent and unchanging as the nearby hills.

Near home, I could see that my father had left the porch light burning, as he always did long ago for his night-roaming son. He sat waiting for me, watching the dying fire.

I told him I had decided to come back home when I retire, that I hoped I would live long enough to spend my last years in my boyhood home.

"It's good to know the house will stay in the family," he said simply.

So it was that I came back home to autumnal glory, and walked in remembered places. I visited old friends and listened for long-silenced voices. I found tattered emblems and crumbling treasures in an old attic, and I became aware of one fact: All we have is *now*. That is all old Seth Thomas ever tried to tell me—now, now, now. The past is gone with all its vain regrets and discarded values; the future must take care of itself, one *now* at a time.

In the darkened living room the firelight glowed on the tall bookcase that holds many of the volumes I treasured as a boy. They do not read as well as they once did, but you do not like to destroy old friends. On the far wall, dimly, I could see our painting of Christ weeping over Jerusalem; opposite, the wall mirror that reflected the wounds of adolescence; and, nearby, a china closet holding the cups, saucers, and crystal my mother collected before she died.

The clock ticked on toward midnight. Dry October-November leaves raced across the roof on quick animal feet, darting ahead of a brief gust of cold rain. The old house, veteran of many a storm, creaked contentedly and settled for the night.

It was good, I thought, to be back for homecoming—but even better to come back home again. □





# The Peppermint Bible.

GRANNY's family Bible always lay in the same spot on the windowsill with her spectacles on top of it and a bag of peppermints at its side.

Religion and peppermints seemed to go together in Granny's estimation. She liked to suck the one while pondering the other. When she could no longer go to church, it gave her a feeling of taking part in the service if she popped a peppermint into her mouth on Sunday morning and opened the Bible at Proverbs.

I used to wonder why she made such a rite of putting on her spectacles since she never looked through them but always peered over the top. They had belonged to her mother who wore them when reading the same Bible, and Granny liked to follow in her footsteps. "Besides, 'twould be a pity to waste them," she would say thriftily.

As a Scottish lassie on our hinterland farm near the English border, I used to enjoy the pictures in Granny's Bible. I liked the Good Samaritan best of all; Granny had a leaning towards Daniel because he reminded her of Uncle Andrew

who had gone to America, which was little better than the lions' den, in her opinion.

Apart from its biblical lore, Granny's Good Book contained treasures between almost every page: clippings of Uncle Andrew's baby hair, recipes for curing the colic, pictures of a long-ago Sunday-school treat, and a pattern for a baby's vest.

Granny would begin by reading to me the story of Joseph and his brethren, using her own pronunciation and her own pithy dialect, a tongue which would have confounded the prophets. But halfway through the story her eye would light on a cutting, and she would be off into a parable of her own, telling me the tale of some faraway picnic, or reliving again the time when she sang *O Rowan Tree* at the church concert.

When I demanded "a story from the Bible," I was never sure whether I would hear about Moses and the burning bush or the time Uncle Andrew stopped the runaway horse. It was many years before I could be sure which were Bible stories and which were family episodes. Indeed, I was under the impression for a long time that Uncle Andrew held his place among the prophets, and was surprised to discover that not all Bibles contained a recipe for marmalade in Deuteronomy.

When the minister called to see Granny, she would inquire if he had chosen his text for the following Sunday. If not, she would proceed to choose one for him, and to give him his various "headings." He listened with commendable gravity and often accepted her advice, though not her phraseology, and doubtless his discourse was all the better for it. I was convinced that Granny was the better preacher. The parson stuck too closely to the Book for my liking, and he offered no "tales on the side" about the speckled hen or the time the chimney went on fire.

When neighbors were in trouble and came to Granny for advice, she would always find consolation for them in the Bible, whether it was a comforting text or a remedy for the toothache. Granny's Bible came to be looked upon as a village encyclopedia, to be consulted on a wide range of subjects, from the exact date of the Relief of Mafeking, which was noted in spidery writing on a margin, to the best way of taking ink stains out of a tablecloth.

"It's wonderful what ye'll find in the Bible," Granny would remark, peering over her spectacles and sucking contentedly at a peppermint. "Here's the story o' Noah; and mercy me, here's a photo o' me as a lassie. Ay, it's a wonderful book, the Bible."

—Lavinia Derwent

# Honduras's Beloved American

By MAUDE S. WRIGHT

"THEY WERE AFRAID of me at first at the *guarderia*," Margaret Becker recalls. "They were afraid I would take over. All they would let me do for three whole months was to hold the babies. They didn't want an American running things. And I don't blame them.

"The day nursery was Honduran, created by their government to help small children. They like to do things in the Latin American way. And they have a right to be proud of what they have accomplished.

"But I surprised them. I kept right on coming."

Mrs. Becker's *guarderia* experiences date back to 1964 when her husband, Max, a soft-spoken forestry expert, was assigned to the U.S. Agency for International Development (AID) program in Honduras. The United Methodist couple from Fort Collins, Colo., live in Tegucigalpa, the Honduran capital, now. Previously they spent a number of years in Chile. By the time they moved to Tegucigalpa, they could speak Spanish fluently.

In Honduras, where household help is cheap and to employ nationals is to make more citizens self-supporting, people like Margaret Becker find they have more leisure than they ever enjoyed in the United States. Many of them choose to pass the time through volunteer work. Some have worked in the Bi-National Library, which serves the National University. Some have taught adults to read while others have taken schoolchildren to special events. Some have volunteered to work in clinics or in the *comedores*, the soup kitchens run by the government. Many have belonged to *Damas Voluntarias* along with Honduran women, helping to provide funds and making garments, aprons, and toys for several projects. Margaret Becker works in the *guarderias* in Tegucigalpa.

"I got into it by accident," Margaret says. "I was looking for better vegetables when I climbed a set of stairs to the floor above the market and came upon the children. Then I was hooked. I couldn't forget their solemn little faces."

To understand what she saw, one needs to know that, in a little country like Honduras, a great social need is the nurture of the children of the very poor—children who have been abandoned, whose fathers are in prison, or whose mothers earn a precarious livelihood for a brood of 6 or even 10. It is the children of the stall-renters in the marketplace that the *guarderias* serve. Mother-vendors cannot let their toddlers run and play freely outside the few square feet of the stall. The little ones learn as a way of life, through scoldings and blows, to sit quietly within a cardboard box all day long. During the years when most children learn the shapes and textures of their world, experimenting and developing co-ordination, these children must just sit, or sleep.

The scene at a typical market is hard for a *gringo* to comprehend. At San Isidro in Comayguela, which is the twin city and an integral part of Tegucigalpa, the market occupies an entire city block near the Plaza Cristobal Colon, and it is cemented and enclosed. It includes two stories of market stalls, and the *guarderia* children are housed above these. There are more than 1,000 stalls on each level, many of which are subdivided and sublet, so that some vendors have space only three feet square. Some stalls spill into the plaza.

This all makes a community of about 3,000 vendors, plus their merchandise, plus customers. And mixed with it all are boys offering to carry your baskets while you shop, women hawking pineapple sticks or hot chili in tortillas for a quick snack, hangers-on, dogs, and odors of all ranks. It is in this mishmash of humanity with traffic careening in the narrow streets on all sides that the children too young for school must be kept by their mothers. There is no





In Fort Collins, Colo., she's Margaret Becker. In Tegucigalpa, Honduras, she's "Dona Marguerita." Everywhere she's known as a lady who loves children. When her husband drew a work assignment in Honduras, Margaret went along. She soon found a place she could work with children—in a day nursery called a guarderia. The nursery has seen several changes since Mrs. Becker's arrival, including the addition of tricycles for the children on the rooftop playground. Less fortunate children must spend their days in the streets below, sitting in their mother's marketplace stalls.





other place for them. None except the *guarderia*.

Only 160 of the most needy can be cared for there, after selection by the Junta Nacional de Bienestar Social (National Department of Social Welfare). These are typical: two children whose father is trying to keep his motherless family together; a small girl whose father was murdered; the littlest ones from a family too large for support by the mother's meager market profits. Although most of the cost of food and care is paid by the social welfare department, a fee of one *lempira* (50¢) a month is charged the parent. Children come as early as 6 a.m. and are kept until 6 p.m. each weekday.

The government established the first such day-care nursery in the twin cities in 1958, and at first the chief goal was to provide physical care alone.

To Peggy Becker, it was not enough simply to house these children. Might not some of them one day be leaders of their country? They had been repressed so long that they were little owl-eyed observers only, not knowing how to play, how to handle objects, or how to relate to other children—except to fight. All they knew about their own city lay between a one-room home and a market stall. Competition with other children for coins or passive acceptance of their confinement in a box in the stall was everything. New children in the *guarderia* always could be identified for they crouched in a corner and warily watched all the other "enemy" children. Only the loving patience of adult leaders, Peace Corps girls, and the *nineras* could win them.

Little by little, Dona Marguerita (the Hondurans' name for Mrs. Becker) won the confidence of her co-workers. She suggested play activities suitable to the children's abilities and culture—songs, games, fingerpainting, coloring, modelling with clay. Little by little she saw these additions take form.

Innovations were not always successful. With a wry smile she tells of trying to reform the diet, substituting delicious chicken soup she had made herself for the inevitable tortillas. The children all took sick after eating the unfamiliar food.

Enlisting the help of church women for transportation, Dona Marguerita promoted excursions into their city, to factories, farms, the airport where they actually sat in a plane and talked on the intercom, and on picnics at Picacho, the city park high on the mountainside. Three-year-olds sit in ecstatic silence when given their first ride in an auto on such an excursion.

A special outing took place on "Arbor Day," when Max Becker and other forestry department men prepared 65 holes and 65 seedlings, enough for each child to plant his very own tree in Picacho Park. The youngsters were rightfully proud of their experience in ownership, in public service, and in providing cover for a mountainside.

Mrs. Becker has made other contributions to the day nursery. At her suggestion a group of American women made 60 oilcloth aprons for use with the finger paints. The American Embassy Wives Club teamed with the Banco Central to provide towels, toothbrushes, and combs for each child. *Damas Voluntarias* contributed money for a movie projector, which Peggy purchased on her home leave—and carried all the way back to Honduras on her lap in the plane when a shipping problem developed.

Gifts from the United States have provided other ex-

tras. Nursery-school children of Riverside Church, New York City, sent toys to the children in the *guarderia*. Groups from the Beckers' home church in Fort Collins send special funds, as does a national university women's club to which Peggy belongs. A friend in California, now a children's librarian, provides so many books that Honduras may have the most extensive preschool library in Latin America. The idiomatic Spanish translation is typed and glued between the lines for the Peace Corps helpers and the *nineras* to use.

"The tricycles we bought last year met one of my needs," says Margaret. "Why should only the children of the rich have this fun? Since tricycles are little known here, we bought a few with American gift money as a demonstration of possibilities." The results—five-year-olds racing madly but with order on the rooftop playground—are exceedingly happy.

The playground also has miniature carts such as Honduran men commonly use to carry heavy or awkward loads. These were made by local craftsmen to Mrs. Becker's specifications.

I visited the *guarderia* on a Saturday night for the Mother's Day program. Latin America makes a big thing of this day. The halls and platform were decorated by festoons of homemade tissue hearts, like huge valentines. The mothers, arriving after their long, seven-day week of work, were scrubbed and dressed in their well-worn best. Each mother was called forward to receive a gift her child had made, and as the youngster gave it, she hugged and kissed the little giver in the warm, Latin manner.

I could see the real affection with which the children ran to and hugged Dona Marguerita. The mothers greeted her with loving welcome. She asked about the welfare of each individual, and the families. She knew them all.

The young trainees, girls who will graduate to be helpers in other child-care centers, love her also. She had brought them as much glittering costume jewelry as she could lay her hands on, so that their neat blue-striped uniforms would look gay for the party, too.

She had been living in their country for two years when the Honduran government asked Margaret to help establish a second *guarderia*. Today she is recognized as an authority in this field and is trusted as one who loves the children, speaks the language, has confidence in the efforts of the nationals, and offers her wisdom only when it is asked. And it is asked. When a training program for *nineras* was inaugurated a couple of years ago, Mrs. Becker was called on to help out. Social workers yearly select some 20 girls with at least a grade-school education to attend classes in preschool education, psychology, and home economics. At the same time, they assist in the *guarderia*, thus encountering the practical side of their lessons. Mrs. Becker's responsibility is to teach child development and educational projects—in Spanish. Her only pay is the impressive title conferred by the Junta: supervisor and co-ordinator of all educational activities for the *guarderias*.

"Everywhere I have gone I wanted to know the people," Margaret reflects. "Everywhere I have found something that is within my sphere of interest and ability. I have found children. God leads the way. I just look for his leading." □



# Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.



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## How does a person keep spiritually alive?

✦ There is no easy road to spiritual vitality, and no "10 easy lessons." If one really loves life and people, if he can enjoy the beauty of a sunset, he is well on his way to a life of spiritual renewal. It is not a superimposed piety. It does not come from a holy tone. It will not come from a denial of our humanity, or even of our physical bodies. Spiritual

vitality is the total expression of a way of life.

One can gain and keep this kind of aliveness by opening himself to the love of all kinds of people, by cultivating habits of reading, prayer, and worship, and by fighting his way through problems that seem to be too much for him.

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## Do we have to explain everything that is religious?

✦ We could not if we tried. Like great poetry, things religious call for rendition, proclamation, response. The great questions with which religion deals cannot be explained. Very often they go beyond the rational level. Who can explain death or love or being a new person in Christ? Jesus did not say, "I have explained the

world." He did say, "I have overcome the world." And there is a vast difference between explanation and triumph. He also said, "In the world you will have trouble. But courage! The victory is mine; I have conquered the world." (John 16: 33, New English Bible.)

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## Why do people today find it so difficult to pray?

✦ Among the many reasons: greater mastery over nature, loss of the sense of awe, abundant fruits of technology, scientific explanations of the hitherto unexplored, a feeling that we have "come of age." But we must ask if we are really in control of the world. Our mastery of nature is laudable—yet only partial. We cannot, at present, forestall the fury of

a hurricane. Science explains but cannot heal man's deepest wounds. Loneliness, for example. Technology temporarily gives us abundant freedom but pollutes the air. So modern man must pray. His prayer may take the form of unspoken yearnings for peace or of sacrificial action on behalf of fellowman, but it is still an outreach of man to God.

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## Has religious prophecy lost its meaning for moderns?

✦ Not if we understand prophecy to be forthtelling (telling forth) rather than foretelling. Man has always been intrigued by the future. Predictions concerning the future are about as natural and normal as interest in life itself. But this is not the biblical meaning of prophecy. "The prophet," says Rolf Knierim, a modern Old Testament scholar, "is one

who represents God before the people in times of crisis." This is very serious business. It is proclaiming in unmistakable terms, "Thus saith the Lord." And it is specific and fundamental. Prophecy announces God's judgment upon evil as faithfully as it announces his pleasure in good. This is probably why prophets rarely die of old age.

# Which Way to the Promised Land?

By WILLIAM M. MACE, JR.

Pastor, Community Church—United Methodist  
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IN ONE of the cartoon episodes of *Peanuts*, Snoopy the dog is watching the children and saying to himself: "I wonder why some of us were born dogs while others were born people. Is it pure chance, or what is it? Somehow, the whole thing doesn't seem very fair." Then, as he walks away, he exclaims, "Why should I have been the lucky one?"

Just as Snoopy made his discovery, so our spiritual ancestors the Hebrews discovered that they were the "lucky ones." The Lord God called them out from the multitudes, set them apart from the many, and chose them to bear his honor and glory before all peoples of the earth. Thus the Lord bestowed upon the Hebrews some magnificent and incredible promises.

Through the years, the Hebrew people for the most part believed the promises of God. They believed that he would be there in order to bless, love, and show them the way. And God was there and was faithful to his word. Despite all their suffering and despair, they came to understand how they were indeed the lucky ones.

In describing our spiritual forefathers, we could simply call them "the Exodus people." They were people on the

move, people on the march toward a better world in which to live and raise their families and worship their God. They were people in motion, with a mission and a task to perform for their Lord. God always seemed to be saying to them, "Go and I will go with you."

The Hebrew people were always aware of the new vision which the Lord was laying upon them. And whenever the Lord gave them a new place toward which to move, he always gave them a new promise. He would say, "Set your face toward the new place of service, and I will meet you there."

These primitive people, the founders of the Judeo-Christian tradition, always looked forward to the new point of mission which was just beyond the bend of the road ahead. In the words of the Scriptures, they "looked forward to the city which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

## The Old Model Was Good

The significance of the Exodus people is that they provide us with a clue to what a religious community believes and what a religious community does. Here is the

Abraham by Robert Hodgell. © 1964 by Graded Press





earliest indication of what a church should look like. When the Christian church began to gather itself in Jerusalem after the Crucifixion and Resurrection of Jesus, one of the important things they did was to read again Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Deuteronomy, and the writings of the prophets. Here was the necessary clue in determining what any honest-to-goodness religious community would be like.

The early Christian community saw its spiritual roots embedded in the Hebrew community. Its members understood that the promises given to the Hebrews were essentially the same promises given to Christians. They were, in fact, the New Israel. The Christians also could claim the title, "a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, God's own people."

### Marks of the Church Today

When we of the church today see the need for reform within the body of Christ, once again it is imperative that we turn to the Old Testament. There we catch a glimpse of the Exodus people who, under the leadership of Moses, had the courage and the boldness to move out from under that which bound them to the past and into a future which was hopeful—because God would be there. We see the faith that marked their community, the hope they had in the future promised by the God, and the way they moved into that future. The Hebrew community could very well serve as a model for the contemporary Christian church.

This would mean, first of all, that you and I would have to hear the promises of God above the noise and confusion of our day. Like the ancient Hebrews, we would need to be able to hear the voice of God speaking to us from the Scriptures, saying:

"I will bring you up out of . . . Egypt . . . to a land flowing with milk and honey."

"I will make of you a great nation."

"You are a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, God's own people."

"I will be with you. I will sustain and support you. I will be there in the days ahead to pour upon you my love and blessing."

Second, we would need to believe that God is in fact making a promise about his faithfulness in the future. This really would mean an honest belief in the characteristics of the God of promise. It would mean a total and unreserved trust in the promises of God.

Third, the Exodus church would be marked by a lifestyle in which people would be on the move, in mission to the community, the city, and the world. The image of the Exodus church would be one in which persons are confident in the promise of God and eager to move out to share this confidence in terms of sharing, caring, and loving the least of the people of the earth.

The Exodus church would see and understand God's plan for a more just, humane, decent world. It would set out to discover what can be done to aid and help the process for God's kind of world. The Exodus church would catch a glimpse in the distant future of the kingdom of God here on the earth, where people are honestly concerned about one another and sensitive to the needs of neighbor and brother.

When Paul painted his word portrait of Christ in his letter to the Philipians, he was seeking to shape the style

of the church after the image of the Exodus people: "Christ, who, though he was in the form of God . . . emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, . . . he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even death on a cross." Paul affirms that wherever the true church is, there we will find people emptying themselves for the sake of the mission, people giving of themselves, people making of themselves nothing for the sake of their calling as Christians. Wherever the church is, Paul implies, there is a people whose concern for one's fellowmen is not just preached or talked about but is also demonstrated.

William Stringfellow, a Christian layman and lawyer by profession, has said: "He [Christ] shunned no one, not even adulterers, not even tax collectors, not even neurotics and psychotics, not even those tempted to suicide, not even alcoholics, not even poor people, not even beggars, not even lepers, not even those who ridiculed Him, not even those who betrayed Him, not even His own enemies. He shunned no one.

"The words that tell the ministry of Christ are words of sorrow, poverty, rejection, radical unpopularity. . .

". . . where these words cannot be truthfully applied to the ministry of the churches today, they must then be spoken against the churches to show how far the churches are from being the Body of Christ engaged in the ministry of Christ in the world."<sup>1</sup>

### Temptation to Hopelessness

There is at least one factor which often prevents a church from becoming an Exodus church. It is a state of mind that was always a temptation to the Hebrews—hopelessness. How often they lost hope in the future. How often they thought, "What's the use? It doesn't make any difference." Out on the desert, en route to the Promised Land, they cried out to Moses, "It would have been better for us to serve the Egyptians than to die in the wilderness." It wasn't only that the desert was hot and the journey was long that caused their despair. It was primarily that they had lost hope in the promised future, in the mission which was theirs, in the faithfulness of God.

Hopelessness runs rampant in our day, too. The mood in the churches often may be: "It doesn't make any difference—what good can I do in light of the immense problems of today's world?" Indifference to the Christian religion is related to a loss of hope, a feeling that all is lost and that no good can come of what we attempt to do.

But the Lord God pours hope into our lives. It is the Lord God who offers us in his promise, "I will be there. Go forward in faith." And when that happens, the Exodus church has all the chance in the world of being born. The God of hope is a God with *future* as his essential nature. He is the God who is always before us leading us out into the future and into the world. When this is believed, the Exodus church, like the dry bones of Ezekiel, begins to move and shake and come together until there stands a mighty company before the Lord, engaged in his battle for redemption of the world.

If the church is worth our time, our money, and our devotion, then it is worth our shaping it to what it was intended to be—a community through which the Lord is working to bring his future Kingdom upon the earth. □

<sup>1</sup> From *A Private and Public Faith* by William Stringfellow; published by William B. Eerdmans Publishing Co. Used by permission.—Your Editors



# Letters

## SEA ISLANDS ARTICLE APPRECIATED BY PASTOR

I want to thank you for publishing *South Carolina's Sea Islands . . . Where Poverty Is Total* by Jim Haskins in the July issue [page 29]. The people of the Sea Islands need help, and it is magazines like *Together* that can inform other Americans about these powerless islanders.

I have worked with these people for more than 10 years, and this is the first time a church publication thought that the conditions of these people were important enough to write about.

I am proud of this magazine and trust that you will take the Sea Islands as a special project.

W. T. GOODWIN, Pastor  
Sea Islands Charge  
Johns Island, S.C.

## REVIVE THE REVIVAL AND THE MOURNERS' BENCH

You hit the nail squarely on the head in your editorial, *That Essential Integrity* [August-September, page 22]. We need more statements like it.

Many pastors and laymen are expressing a loss of confidence in the leadership of the church, and well they might.

Your last two paragraphs define integrity and suggest one place to start. There is a need for the contemporary technique of the old revival and the mourners' bench. You can't build a cathedral out of reeds nor a wholesome society out of sleazy persons. When the world is at its worst, the church should be at its best. This is a great hour for the church. There is need for great preaching.

HERMAN H. LUETZOW  
St. Louis, Mo.

Send your letters to  
TOGETHER  
1661 N. Northwest Highway  
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

## REPORT ON THE CAMPUSES: 'IMAGINATIVE, SKILLFUL'

News Editor John A. Lovelace did an imaginative and skillful job with the article on *What's Ahead for Our Campuses?* [August-September, page 9]. I found it a delight to read.

Among many of my points of delight was the knowledge that you were able to find five United Methodist-related schools in a state where only two were operating at a deficit! That is something.

WOODROW A. GEIER, Director  
Office of Information and Publications  
Division of Higher Education  
United Methodist Board of Education  
Nashville, Tenn.

## LINCOLN'S WAR, TOO, WAS CALLED INSANITY

Clarence J. Forsberg's sermon, *Three Reasons to Stop the Killing* [July, page 48], is a glaring example of a one-sided opinion demeaning the sacrificial blood given as well as the motives of a nation willing to pay such a high price to help a small nation in its struggle for liberty. The newspapers of the 1860s printed the same arguments when Lincoln's war was called insanity.

No word in this sermon of the threat of communism that brings total slavery to people—as I personally witnessed in Czechoslovakia during the summer of 1968 when Russian tanks were ready to engage in bloodbaths. The guns now pointing at the hapless South Vietnamese are delivered by communist munitions factories.

We share the hope for an early end of this struggle. We are likewise aware that only a sane withdrawal can prevent a blood purge that awaits the people of South Viet Nam. What price liberty?

W. G. P. BLUMERT  
Oakland, Calif.

## JULY SERMON SHOWS PACIFISM'S BLIGHT

Space will be allowed, I hope, to publish some layman's opposition to the Rev. Clarence J. Forsberg's sermon *Three Reasons to Stop the Killing*.

This article, not really a sermon as it has no text and no citation of Scripture, was so exemplary of pacifist ideas in relation to our government's exercises in Indochina that I must point up its errors.

This pastor's thoughts represent

how abjectly the blight of pacifism has affected our churches. By "pacifism" I mean the forms of religion of those so opposed to the war in Viet Nam as to advocate unilateral withdrawal of our troops in spite of dire consequences almost sure to follow. He considers all war as bad under all circumstances because of the killing, yet his three reasons to stop the war are out of his own mind and are not based on facts or Scripture. His third reason "In the Name of all that is holy," is the most subject to censure.

Like most pacifists, he passes by the meanness of our antagonists and failed to distinguish between killing for murder and killing under the need for fulfillment of God's processes. Such moralizing baffles all who must obey the law. The Bible is replete with references that show how nations at war were used to chastise and to chasten sinful peoples, so war is not evil per se. Possibly God has guided the United States into this situation for his good purposes. We might consider it so.

The ideals behind our government involvement are well documented, and its present purposes are being greatly distorted by its detractors. Most of our officials have prayed and worked for peace, but so far God has not seen fit to grant our desires. I say that pacifism is a false attitude of mind, for there is no arbitration capable of settling international disputes so long as evil-minded men are in positions from which to rule.

THERON D. WILSON  
Knoxville, Tenn.

## THE LORD ISN'T SOILED BY THE WORLD'S GUTTERS

I was deeply upset by two letters in the August-September issue [page 50] concerning the movie poster of Jesus you published last June. One statement hit particularly hard: "Why drag the beautiful Christian concept and image of our dear Lord and Savior Jesus Christ to the gutter level of the hippie?"

I am a 21-year-old college senior with a 3.64 standing and am anything but a hippie. A statement like that coming from a Christian adult today scares me.

Too many Christians today seem to think that the Lord will be soiled if he's taken into the ghettos, the slums, and the gutters of our world. They scream long and loud if a preacher leaves the pulpit of the church to go



to the world to search out the  
nners, to fight for the Lord  
in the home ground of the enemy.

These Christians seem to believe  
at the Word should be  
discussed only among professed  
Christians in a properly designated  
and decorated house of the Lord.

If a mod-style poster will help  
God's work, why condemn it?  
The world is changing so fast that  
the church hopes to survive  
and attract the offspring of this  
new world, it must change, too.  
If it doesn't, there may be no  
church of the future.

CELIA WALL  
Paducah, Ky.

## CHRISTIANS' CONCERN WITH TRIVIA NO CAUSE TO REJOICE

The world is coming apart  
at the seams, yet *Together* readers  
argue in your *Letters* columns about  
whether Christ did or did not  
approve of dancing, did or did  
not look like a "hippie," and  
whether it is or is not proper for  
a church publication to use  
touches of modernity.

As I understand it—and please  
tell me if I am wrong—the aim of  
Christ was to establish God's  
kingdom on earth. With  
environmental decay growing,  
crime increasing, racism running

rampant, poverty, hunger, and  
the curse of war still very much  
with us, the world is getting more  
hellish, not more heavenly.

Surely Christians concerned  
with trivia is no cause to rejoice.  
We must take Winston Churchill's  
advice: "It is no use saying,  
'We are doing our best.' You have  
got to succeed doing what is  
necessary."

Lord, help us to understand  
what is necessary.

BRUCE RADER  
Glasford, Ill.

## LEVEL WITH THE KIDS: THEY HAVE RESPONSIBILITIES

I am disappointed that Dr.  
Dale White has joined the  
whimperers and is repeating their  
cry about "what [do] we have to  
do to bring reconciliation?" [See  
*Teens*, August-September, page 57.]  
I think Jesus made that quite  
clear. He didn't say to the rich  
young ruler, "What must I do  
to get you to follow me?" He put  
it right on the line.

I think we'd better level with  
these kids. Tell them they have  
responsibilities in this life. Tell  
them to ask themselves what they  
personally are doing to  
right these great wrongs they  
profess to be so upset about.

Let them ask themselves if the  
taking of drugs, getting venereal  
disease through indiscriminate  
sex, wearing dirty and outlandish  
clothes, and ignoring the rights  
and peace of others is the only  
way their life has meaning.  
Ask them to consider the sacrifices  
of the older generation which have  
given them better educational  
opportunities, better nutrition  
and medical advances, better housing,  
chemical and commercial inventions  
and then ask, "Have I made their  
sacrifices worthwhile?"

Maybe we had better shake  
them out of this self-centered  
stupor we've permitted to come over  
them and make them get  
with it—quick.

MRS. B. LeTOURNEAU McCUTCHEON  
Haddon Heights, N.J.

## READERS' INTELLIGENCE INSULTED BY 'ELSEWHERE'

The readers of *Together* are  
neither hillbillies nor hippies,  
and it is an insult to their  
intelligence to publish and waste  
space on such tripe as *Letters From  
Elsewhere* on pages 53 and 54  
of the August-September issue.

I want to love our magazine  
and would like to see it kept on  
a high spiritual level. I wholly  
agree with the letter from Mrs.  
Esther L. Cox on page 51 of that  
same issue. Mrs. Cox protested the  
*Elsewhere* column and stated that  
"it is of no spiritual value and  
offers no aid to Christian growth."

MRS. RUSSELL McHATTON  
Winchester, Ind.

*The Inner Man* by Paul R. Behrens



"If you lay up worldly goods, moth and rust doth  
corrupt and inflation knocks the heck out of it, too."

## 'LETTERS FROM ELSEWHERE' A BALM IN TROUBLED TIMES

In these days of stress and  
strain, of war and conflict,  
campus unrest, pollution, and the  
generation gap it is such a  
comfort and a balm to pick up  
*Together* and turn quickly to  
*Letters From Elsewhere* by Hegbert  
Clutter. It is a joy to read  
the subtle humor, the shortcomings,  
and down-to-earth good intentions  
of human nature as expressed  
by Herman B. Teeter.

Of course we cannot solve the  
problems of today in Silas Peeler's  
pasture [July, page 53], but being  
there in spirit gives us respite to  
pause a while and catch our breath  
for the difficult tasks ahead.

I also appreciated *The Fresh  
Edge* by Mr. Teeter with the beautiful  
pastoral scene inside the July back  
cover and Jo Grimm's poem *Along*





TOGETHER's 15th Photo Invitational

## 'Celebration Is...'

"Celebration Is . . ."—theme of our next reader-participation pictorial—does not necessarily mean fun, festivity, or public ceremony. For the Christian it has come more and more to mean the power, depth, love, and richness of the Christian life itself.

For example, one might say that celebration is—

- . . . The look of wonder in a child's eyes.
- . . . A mother's adoring glance at her new baby.
- . . . Loving hands clasped during a golden wedding party.
- . . . Seeing a rainbow arching over green mountains.

Celebration: What does it mean to you? And can you put that meaning—your own special meaning—into color pictures? We will pay \$35 for each slide selected for publication in the *Invitational*.

"Celebration Is . . ." We hope these two words will spark your imagination and make you want to reach for your camera.

### HERE ARE THE RULES:

1. Send no more than 10 color transparencies. (Color prints or negatives are not eligible.)
2. Identify each slide; explain where it was taken, and by whom. Tell in one or two sentences how it illustrates what the theme "Celebration Is . . ." means to you.
3. Enclose loose stamps for return postage. (Do not stick stamps on anything.)
4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 1, 1971.
5. Original slides bought and all reproduction rights to them become TOGETHER's property. (For their files, photographers will receive duplicates of all slides purchased.)
6. Slides not accepted will be returned as soon as possible. Care will be used in handling transparencies, but TOGETHER cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged.

Send entries to  
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Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

Property Lines inside the front cover of the same issue.

MRS. OKOLONA K. RONNE  
Baxter Springs, Kans.

### SEVERAL AUGUST-SEPTEMBER ARTICLES 'STIMULATING'

I wish to congratulate you for the splendid August-September issue.

Among many stimulating articles I would call attention to the one on Parson Thomas's ministry and its far-reaching influence [*The Islands of Parson Thomas*, page 30]; Bolivia's 'In the World' Christian on Alvaro Alarcon, a staunch man in a difficult situation [page 38]; and John Holt—Fighting Preacher [page 42].

May God bless your editors in quest for more such articles.

EDWARD W. ALLINGER  
Calumet, Mich.

### BISHOP WHATCOAT'S STORY DESERVES TELLING, TOO

I want to express my sincere thanks for Herman B. Teeter's article, *The Islands of Parson Thomas*. This is a highly interesting and most worthwhile contribution to the records of our Methodist heritage. The illustrations were excellent. I greatly appreciate the time, effort, energy, and thought required for its preparation.

Early this summer we stopped at Whatcoat United Methodist Church in Dover, Del., and looked upon the grave of pioneer Bishop Richard Whatcoat in the churchyard. He was the first of our episcopal leaders to die in service, in 1806, I believe. It may well be that you could develop a story about this man and his service. He has had very little publicity to my knowledge.

GRADY L. E. CARROLL  
Raleigh, N.C.

### FRIDAY NIGHT WORSHIP: SAD

It is sad indeed to think that our whole concept of Christianity has become so altered that we must relegate our day of worship to a little corner on Friday night. [See *Times Are Changing; Churches Are, Too*, August-September, page 17.]

If we who call ourselves Christians were truly dedicated to a life in Christ, perhaps we would have less reason to be so concerned about the weakening structure of our family life.

MRS. WAYNE CAIRNS  
Canton, Ohio





A report to thoughtful laymen . . .

## Is your minister's salary for real?

No businessman would consider his employees' expense account, insurance, and other "fringes" as part of income. Personal income is one thing; fringe benefits and business expenses are in another category.

But it is surprising how many respected businessmen on Church Boards overlook this basic accounting practice when calculating their minister's salary. In order to create an illusion of paying a minister well, it is easy to say, "We pay our minister about \$14,000 a year." Not a bad salary. The Board has done its job well. Or has it?

This is the common, though unrealistic way to figure income:

|                      |                 |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| Salary               | \$8,500         |
| Utilities allowance  | 360             |
| Car allowance        | 1,800           |
| Conference allotment | 350             |
| Continuing Education | 100             |
| Pension              | 1,020           |
| Group Insurance      | 300             |
| Parsonage            | 1,700           |
| <b>TOTAL</b>         | <b>\$14,130</b> |

This is the business-like way:

|                           |          |
|---------------------------|----------|
| <b>Income:</b>            |          |
| Salary                    | \$8,500  |
| Parsonage                 | 1,700    |
| Utilities Allowance       | 360      |
|                           | <hr/>    |
|                           | \$10,560 |
| <b>Business Expenses:</b> |          |
| Car Allowance             | 1,800    |
| Conference Expenses       | 350      |
| Continuing Education      | 100      |
|                           | <hr/>    |
|                           | \$2,250  |
| <b>Fringe Benefits:</b>   |          |
| Group Insurance           | 300      |
| Pension                   | 1,020    |
|                           | <hr/>    |
|                           | \$1,320  |

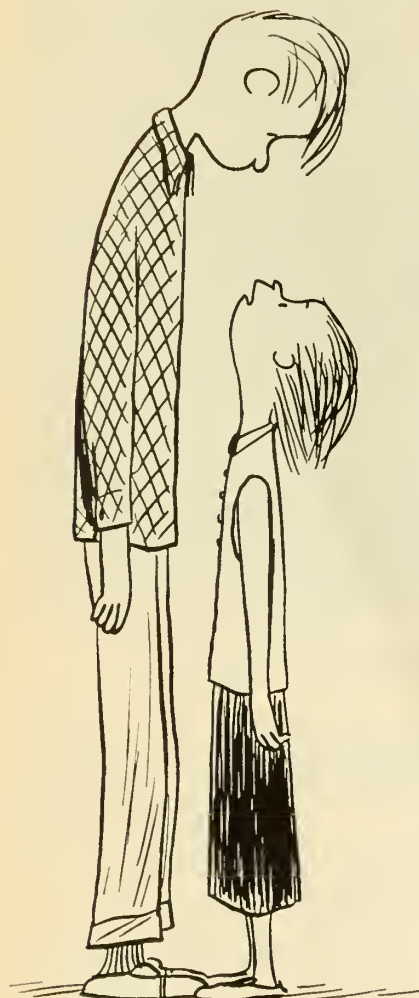
So it's not \$14,130—but \$10,560 for actual income. In these days of rising prices, a minister's modest income is being stretched especially tight. He can't live on an illusion.

Have you—or your Board members—taken a businesslike look at your minister's salary lately? Separate the illusion clearly from reality. Your minister will be happier because of it. We think you will be, too.

*Reprints of this public service message for distribution to your local church officials are available on request.*

# Teens

By DALE WHITE



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz.  
© 1964 by Warner Press, Inc.

"Can't we go somewhere  
and sit down?"

THIS is a secular age. Science and secularism have flattened our experience—taken a lot of the mystery and wonder from life. We have the tools to solve so many problems that we forget men and women are dependent creatures. We are proud. We don't think we need God.

Many young people know better. Their faith is vivid and real. For some, Christ is the only way out of a desperate and destructive trap:

"About two years ago I went to a church near us. People there talked about Jesus as a real person, living today, and you could meet him. I accepted him into my heart and he really made a change.

"Previously I was a heavy drinker. I had smoked marijuana, opium, and had taken speed. I had had a few too many affairs, and my life was heading for pure hell. I had considered running away from home, just because I felt I was being pressured. Several times I thought of attempting near suicide just to get attention. My friends were hippies and bums. Many are using heroin now, and some have attempted suicide.

"But some have accepted the Lord and are leaving their old ways. In every person is a desire to search for something that is real and is the best trip they've had. This search is only satisfied when the searcher finds a truth. My truth is Jesus Christ. I want people to know that Jesus is 10 times more real than they think he is."

For other young people, life is not a desperate race against spiritual death. It is a search for excellence, for full maturity of spirit and mind:

"In high school I was looking forward to four years at the university—years which would bring me security, maturity, and a purpose in life. As a freshman, I met a girl who seemed to have all these qualities I had sought. I found that these qualities were the result of her personal relationship with God through Jesus Christ.

"After making, breaking, and re-making promises to God—in my studies, in loving others instead of being critical, and in many other areas—I found that I needed to stop making such promises and claim His promises to work in my life. A verse I'd heard many times before made sense to me now: 'But to all who received him, who believed in his name, he gave power to become children of God' (John 1:12). So I asked Christ to come into my life, and

to live his life through me every day.

"Now there was no sudden change in my life, but the focus of my life was changed. Now I have more patience with myself and with others. I have a purpose in life to get to know Christ better and to learn to share him with others."

Other young people can hardly remember a time when they were not committed Christians. Faith for them is not a desperate search for salvation or a quiet quest for personal excellence, but a giving of themselves in service through Jesus Christ:

"Since I have begun to live my life for Christ, I have no choice but to be honest with myself. Christ's light has indeed exposed me to the real me, the sinful me.

"I am thankful for and ever awed by the love I see working through me by the power of God. I have this past summer become greatly concerned with Negroes and their right to be human—to be free to be human.

"As a student at the university, I believe that I am not only a student, but a follower of Christ and a lover of people. I am tutoring children in our area in association with a neighborhood settlement house.

"All summer long, I studied black-white problems in America. I realize how important knowledge and understanding are before you can be of real service. I am amazed that God has made many others interested through me. I see the possibilities as endless!

"I always thought the desire to be involved came with maturity. But I see more self-centered adults than teen-agers. Now I see that it takes a dedication to Christ as well."

aa

I'm a girl, 14. I have a very serious problem. My boyfriend is 15 and lives about 30 miles away. He comes to see me about every weekend, though. He is kind of wild. His mom will let him do anything he wants. But I like him and he likes and respects me. The problem is I found out he's been sniffing glue. I've talked to him and tried to reason with him but he says it hasn't hurt him yet. I really am worried out of my head. Please tell me what to do.—V.B.

I wish I knew. How often in my ministry I have had to stand by in near helplessness watching a per-



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son follow a stubborn, destructive course. Have you tried all these: Continue to express sincere concern and alarm. Give him printed material which shows the medical risks he is taking. Encourage him at least to talk with some responsible adult who can help him to understand why he is driven to drug use. Steer him toward a wholesome support group, such as a church youth group, school club or youth serving agency as Scouts or Hi-Y. Make the ultimate sacrifice by refusing to see him if he doesn't take himself in hand. Tell him you love him too much to hang around and watch him tear up his nervous system and ruin his health.



I would like your help. One of my former friends has become a drug addict. I have suspected this for quite a while. I am positive now. She has had noticeable symptoms such as red, watery eyes and she is very irritable. Also, she always wears blouses with sleeves at least down to her elbow.

I would like to help her before it's too late, but I don't want to get the police involved in this. I have talked this over with a friend and an advisor. We think we should tell her parents, but then we really aren't sure what to do.

This girl I am talking about had been coming to youth group and church but she drifted away. Now she associates with undesirable people and hippies. I also believe she may be a pusher to some of her friends.

I sincerely hope and pray your advice will help. Any advice will be greatly appreciated.—C.E.

Your warm concern for your friend is a fine testimony to your maturity. How you express that concern, however, is vital. Without careful thought you could injure the girl further. The drug thing is so new to middle-class America that we are all confused as to the best way to help a young person in trouble.

You have no definite proof that she is a user. All the symptoms you mention could stem from other difficulties. Going to the police on the basis of suspicion is risky. Whether her parents could really hear you is questionable. The school nurse may be your best resource. She is professionally trained in

## Visit the Church Center for the United Nations

When you are in New York for any reason, especially when you are visiting the United Nations, go to the Church Center for the UN (opposite the UN at the corner of UN Plaza and 44th Street) for one-hour programs for United Methodists at 10:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., and 3:00 P.M.

These programs will include an informative talk on the Church Center and its relation to the UN, a film on a UN program, literature on important issues before the UN, and a visit to some United Methodist areas in the building. By this visit to the Church Center you will help to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the United Nations.

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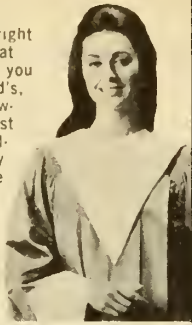
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these matters. Why not sit down for a confidential chat with her?

**QA**

I have a distressing problem. I am 14, a good Christian, and a good student at school. My problem is a girl. We at least once loved each other, ever since we first met a year ago. We've really been close, and I feel that I could never love another girl but her.

Well, she seems to be avoiding me lately. We live only a half mile apart. She hasn't visited me or even shown herself to me lately. On Sundays, she goes home before I get a chance to even talk with her. Dr. White, I need your professional advice. What should I do? Do you think that she still loves me?—T.E.

Why not go over to her house and ask her. Or call her up and arrange to meet someplace. Creating a relationship of mature love is just about the hardest thing anybody tries to do. In the early days you don't have a lot of experience, and that makes you feel awkward and insecure. Parents start to worry when kids your age get too serious. Whether your girl is afraid of getting too involved, or is being restricted by her parents, or is simply cooling off to the relationship is hard to say. You will never know where you stand if you don't have frank talks with her about it. In the talking you learn a lot about girls, and that will help you next time around.

If she wants out, you will just have to let her go. What else can you do?

**QA**

I would like to tell what I did when I was in the same position as the 16-year-old girl who "thought" she wasn't loved [Teens, July, page 60]. When I was about 14, I thought that I wasn't loved. Everyone seemed to ignore me. I was terribly depressed for quite some time.

When I was nearly 15 I went walking one afternoon. Suddenly a thought came to me. Why did my parents create me if they didn't love me? Why do they see me to church on Sunday? Why would they care for me if they didn't love me?

Parents show you that they care

in lots of little ways. Although they can't devote all their time to you, that doesn't mean they don't care. Think of the happy times you've had together—the quiet, peaceful evenings together. You knew they loved you then. Believe me, if you are ever in trouble, they'll be there. You can count on it. They'll be there because they do love you.—E.S.

Your words are very helpful. Not all parents are able to be warm and outgoing toward their children all the time. But their steady, dependable caring gives a young person the security to seek affection from many sources—friends, teachers, ministers, youth workers, neighbors, and so on.

I do think young people should sing out if they feel neglected or rejected at home, though. Parents get involved in their interests and drift into barren, lazy patterns at home. But when their kids speak up, they take themselves in hand and give more attention to their parental responsibilities.

**QA**

I'm a 16-year-old girl in need of an opinion. I've been going with a boy for six months. I'm very fond of him. I have gone out with many boys, but this boy is by far the nicest.

I have never met his parents, because his dad is a Pentecostal minister. His dad is very strict and because of this he isn't supposed to date anyone not of his religion. I think this is selfish Christianity. Isn't the important thing whether you believe in God or not? He also told me that his brothers and sisters had to marry someone of the same religion.

We have had very deep discussions on this. I understand how he feels, but I feel as though my religion (which I'm proud of) isn't good enough for him. I attend church regularly and have been UMYF president so I'm interested in religion. Why should his parents make me feel like an outsider?

Prom is coming up. We have to go behind his parents' back. Can you give me your opinion on the Pentecostal religion? Do you think like I do, that their religion is a little non-Christian?—S.M.

I hate to speak against anyone's religion. And I do know that the warmhearted Pentecostal people



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### GENESIS

26  
God said, "Let us make man in our own image, in the likeness of our image, and let them be masters of the fish of the sea, the birds of heaven, the cattle, and all the wild beasts and all the reptiles that crawl upon the earth."  
God created man in the image of himself, in the image of God he created him, male and female he created them.  
God blessed them, saying to them, "Be fruitful, multiply, fill the earth, and conquer it. Be masters of the fish of the sea, the birds of heaven, the cattle, and all the animals on the earth." God said, "See, I give you all the seed-bearing plants on the whole earth, and all the birds of heaven and all living things are upon the whole earth, all birds of heaven and all living things are your food. For all wild beasts, all plants for food." And so it was. God saw that all the foliage of plants was very good. Evening came and morning came, and the first day was finished.





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are doing a fine work with persons who would find our churches too stuffy, cold, and snobbish. They are able to give meaning to the lives of many of the most alienated and poverty-stricken groups. I honor them for that.

But I do agree that rigid orthodoxy and exclusive, self-righteous piety violate the open and loving spirit of our Lord.

qa

The letter from the 16-year-old girl who lost cheerleading reminded me of myself. I, too, had everything: a nice family, a nice home, friends, and the prestige of being a cheerleader. Then, I tried out again the year before my junior year and lost. I was crushed, totally crushed. I felt useless. I even resented my former good friends who were still cheerleaders.

Since I was too ashamed of my failure to talk it out, I tried praying. Whenever I felt inferior or jealous, I immediately asked God to be with me and to see me through the hard times.

I might still be lying in my self-pity if the father of one cheerleader had not been killed. All of a sudden I realized that I really had nothing to be depressed about. I had lost cheerleading, sure, but I still had so much more than so many others. And so does the girl who wrote to you. Cheerleading is a great confidence builder, but we have to learn to take defeat without its taking us.

You said her character is being put to the test, and that is very true. To her, I say, "Make the most of this defeat. Thank God that when you (and I) met our first big crushing blow from life, it was only cheerleading not lifelong paralysis or blindness. We are lucky because life still opens new avenues to us. Be thankful for what you have and be on your way. There is too much in the world to do. Don't waste all your God-given gifts in pitying yourself."

I've been there, and now it's all over.—G.G.

Thanks for a sensitive, honest, and thoughtful letter.

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens*. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

—Your Editors



# LSD Aftermath

**A Cedar Falls, Iowa, couple could have reacted by withdrawal and bitterness after the death of their oldest son. Instead, they found strength to make other families aware of the threat posed by drug abuse. The results have been felt not just in their city but throughout their state.**

By WANDA WORDEN NIELSEN

**T**HE BODY of Edmund Markle, a likable 17-year-old high-school senior from our city was found in his car by two hunters early one Monday morning last November. The boy had shot himself in the face with a shotgun while his car was parked on a country road about 40 miles from his home here in Cedar Falls, Iowa.

The tragedy was not something anyone would have expected, for Edmund was an active Boy Scout and a regular participant in our youth program at First United Methodist Church where his family are members. He was an honor student, an aspiring race-car driver, and a member of the high-school football squad. He was loved by his parents, two brothers, and a sister, yet he suddenly erased his life.

To believe that any good might come of Ed's death seems a heartless thought. Yet a whole community and beyond has been stirred to combat a danger which threatens or engulfs nearly every community in the nation.

The boy's family was most affected, of course, and their major reaction was grief and loss. But there was something menacing about Ed's death for every family in this Midwestern community of 30,000: the suicide was attributed by his parents and a trained psychiatric worker to drug use. It could have been an "after flash" but at least it was a result of the many faceted effects of what apparently was the boy's only experiment with LSD nine months prior to his death. A tiny amount of the odorless, colorless, tasteless chemical wrenched its way into his life and the lives of his whole family.

Before Ed's death most Cedar Falls citizens had vague ideas about a national drug-abuse problem involving LSD, heroin, and other harsh narcotics. They saw it as the plague of big cities where criminal elements operate. Only a few professionals—police, city officials, social workers, school personnel—were aware of the encroachment of marijuana and other drugs in our locality. Yet LSD caused at least one bad trip with repercussions through a family, a church, a community, and a state.

It is easy for us to identify with the Markle family as they feel the tragedy. Ed's father, Ferris, is a purchasing agent at a local tractor works, an Elks lodge officer, and

an active Boy Scout committeeman. His mother, Claire, is a busy homemaker with typical outside activities.

The Markles could have reacted to Ed's death by withdrawal or bitterness. Instead, they have taken a sensible and constructive approach, and it is obvious they have extra strength to draw on. Without seeing themselves as experts in the drug field, they have lent strong and contagious impetus to local efforts to learn and help spread information widely.

Mrs. Markle seems to find relief in sharing her experience with others. She finds the quiet times alone at home worse than the times she spends talking about Ed. She has participated as a panelist in a local radio program and at a gathering of school counselors from several counties. A small church in the city invited her to tell her story, and she spoke to a class of student nurses.

When the Cedar Falls High School newspaper carried an editorial on drug abuse, Mrs. Markle responded in appreciation: "I would like to reach the teens in Cedar Falls—there must not be another such tragedy. I would say to them: 'Don't even try drugs; report anyone who approaches you with the stuff. If one of your friends has taken LSD, tell someone . . . Yes, you may lose a friend, but you could save a life. . . . If you already have tried LSD and begin to have 'flashbacks' (more trips without having taken LSD again) or other problems, confide in someone—a close adult, doctor, or minister if you can't tell your parents.'"

Cedar Falls Mayor William McKinley attributes much of the reasoned and constructive approach that has developed in the community about the drug problem to the Markles' enlightened attitude. He likens the distribution of drug information to making sex information available. There is a tightrope one walks in determining what is too much or too little.

Ed's sudden death was a stunning blow to all who



*Snapshots from the Markle family's collection are reminders of Ed's happier teen years, when he caught fish on a Scout canoe trip and was a member of the high-school football squad.*

knew him. We heard of it first on the Monday radio reports, and later read the copyright story in the Cedar Falls Record which carried the headlines "Parents Blame LSD in Markle Boy's Death."

After Ed's suicide, his parents for the first time received confirmation from his friends of their suspicion that he had taken LSD, probably one evening nine months earlier when attending W. C. Fields movies on the University of Northern Iowa campus. It was apparent the next morning that something was wrong. He couldn't find his shoes, even though he had them on his feet, and he was going through all his pockets. He couldn't seem to drink enough water. He was disoriented about the time and the day and had hallucinations of seeing bugs and fire engines. Trying without success to keep him from catching his usual ride to school, Mrs. Markle alerted school officials.

Because of Ed's erratic behavior that morning, wandering and not finding his classes, he was taken to the psychiatric ward of a hospital in nearby Waterloo. Although he appeared to recover in about 12 hours, he was kept at the hospital two weeks for thorough testing. A slight (previously undiagnosed) brain damage was revealed, but the disorientation and confusion remained unexplained. Psychiatric tests showed no suicidal ten-

dencies, and Ed was generally thought to be getting well.

The psychiatric social worker with the Northeastern (Iowa) Psychiatric Clinic in Waterloo who worked with Ed came to know him quite well. He pointed out that LSD tends to intensify any existing emotional instability.

Asked to speak later at drug-education meetings and on panels, the social worker said that "the most important contribution this young man's death has made to the community is to bring home to the citizens that we are not talking about bad people or criminals when we speak of drug users. We are talking about our own sons and daughters."

He quoted studies indicating that in many communities 75 to 85 percent of the young people have experimented with drugs of some type, usually marijuana. The studies highlighted what communities like ours could be in for if they do not undertake appropriate education. "Ed's death," he said, "served to bring out the need to look at this whole thing."

Our newspaper editor knew of marijuana parties in the city and had investigated the legal aspects of getting students to infiltrate the parties. After Ed's suicide, the editor talked with Mr. and Mrs. Markle and was so impressed by their courageous statements that he began



his own crusade. His paper printed the full story, which the Markles were willing to share in order to help prevent others from enduring any part of their experience. An editorial called for "total community commitment" in solving the drug problem among our young people.

A meeting was called by the school superintendent involving the two local high schools, police, representatives of the Northeastern Psychiatric Clinic, and members of the student forums. It was announced that a night course on "Drugs and Drug Addiction" would be offered to Cedar Falls families. Students requested information from other youths who had had drug experiences.

Not satisfied with just meetings, Editor Stewart Haas asked in a front-page *Record* editorial for positive leadership, closer co-operation between school and law-enforcement officials, and efforts to arrest suppliers of dangerous drugs, since "the Markle case showed that any kid from any family might become involved if drugs are around."

The school superintendent announced that more activities among Cedar Falls young people were planned and that meetings would be held with police. Information on drugs was being given in a high-school health course and throughout the curriculum as it came up. The schools were interested in a twofold attack to educate and to dry up drug sources.

The police had experienced the usual frustration of dealing with people who try to cover up the problem. The mayor urged anyone having knowledge of illegal drug traffic to make the information available, and the police chief asserted that the identity of anyone with information would be held in strictest confidence. The police department began to receive requests for informative films and talks. Representatives spoke to 1,800 people in one month alone.

No segment of the community was more directly affected than the congregation of our church, First United Methodist, where the Markles were members. The funeral itself had been a moving and arresting experience, especially for the young to whom death seems such an unexpected intrusion. Many were in the crowded church for the service conducted by our assistant pastor, Dale E. Batcheler, and the Rev. Donald H. Iles of Trinity United Methodist. Mr. Iles had taken his own son and Ed on a two-week canoe trip just the past summer, and both ministers were well acquainted with Ed. Their funeral remarks were obviously very personal and heartfelt. A high-school girl commented afterward on Mr. Iles's advice to judge things by their lasting effects, not just on their immediate appeal. It might have seemed obvious to adults, but it made good sense to her.

Before Ed's death last November, our church had held a drug-education meeting for all youth and their parents at which local police presented a film and talked about the various drugs. The extent of their use in Cedar Falls, which was thought to be minimal but really was undetermined, was discussed along with the effects of drugs in their various forms and quantities.

Following the funeral the young people suggested a parents meeting, and this was called within the next week and drew a large attendance. It was a first serious confrontation of the drug-abuse problem for many parents who had been too busy or unaware to realize it was this

close to the experience of their own youngsters.

The parents discussed a number of thorny questions: How do I handle the confidence my youngster entrusts to me when he reveals his knowledge of the use or sale of drugs by others? What happens when you go to the minister or the police with information? Which is worse—to lose a friendship or to risk endangering the life of a friend, or others, by withholding information?

The young people were more aware than the parents of the encroaching problem, but it took on a new seriousness for them. A teacher of the seventh-grade church-school group said there was no doubt among her students of the rightness and wrongness of drug abuse now. This jolting awareness of the seriousness of drug use came at a good time for junior-high youngsters who were perhaps most vulnerable and least knowledgeable.

Mr. Batcheler expressed a hope that community response would not be in repressive action, and that we should not try to solve youth problems by putting all our eggs in drug education. Rather we should ask: Why has this person turned to drugs? What is his need? How can that need better be filled?

These questions lent added impetus to efforts to get youth into the activity and work of the church—to give them a voice with knowledge that their opinions and help are needed. Results have included new attention to a neglected drive for recreational equipment.

Our head pastor, Dr. Harvey A. Nelson, admits that Ed Markle's death led to a deeper concentration by the church staff on areas of problem prevention in work with children and young people. Mrs. Markle corresponded with Art Linkletter because of their common tragic experience, and Mr. Linkletter had words of advice with which Dr. Nelson heartily concurred: "Let our ministers demonstrate that religion can turn you on and drugs can turn you off to life."

Eight days after Ed's death, a front-page *Record* article announced that a meeting was being called by State Representative Willard Hansen, Mayor McKinley, and the *Record* to discuss the drug problem. This was to bring together all parties in schools, city, county, and state law enforcement, medical and mental-health groups, the ministerial association, and representatives of state agencies.

Representative Hansen commented that "what started as a local discussion has attracted statewide response." To the meeting came representatives of the State Narcotics Board, the State Crime Commission, and the Governor's Youth Advisory Board. Governor Robert Ray expressed interest but was attending the White House Conference on Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs in Washington, D.C., where the governors were urged by President Nixon and others to join the assault on narcotics and drug abuse.

Said the Rev. Harold J. Burris, director of the United Methodist student center at the University of Northern Iowa: "Events have brought the realization that we really don't know what's going on in the drug world. The problem is not just usage but ignorance which leads to usage and experimentation." Mr. Burris noted that the United Campus Ministry had planned a three-day symposium on drugs. It was offered to the community as an intensive clustering of dependable resource persons.

Since then, Mr. Burris was informed by the White House that he had been named to serve on the National Action Committee for Drug Studies to help set up training

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centers on drugs in communities and universities throughout the Midwest. President Nixon on March 12 increased funds for drug-control programs by \$30 million a year.

When Governor Ray came back from the White House Conference, he asked the Iowa Commission on Alcoholism to "see what it might do in the fight against drugs." The commission felt that often the wrong people—law-enforcement and school officials, establishment figures—are talking to the young people when cured drug users or persons who are still addicts could reach them better. The prime example is not the parent who lives on pills.

Largely because of pressures from our area and the work of State Representative Hansen, a bill representing a new approach was passed in the 1970 Iowa General Assembly. The bill allows drug users to seek assistance from medical practitioners, hospitals, or rehabilitative centers without fear of punitive action.

Mr. Hansen read to the lawmakers a letter from Ferris and Claire Markle urging the treatment of drug users as victims rather than as criminals and noting that harsh penalties for drug use have not solved the problem. The new law provides for doctors and hospitals to make quarterly reports to the State Health Department on drug cases without revealing names or addresses so that officers can pinpoint areas where drug pushers are operating. Its backers feel the legislation puts Iowa in the forefront of states attempting to find solutions to drug abuse problems.

There is no end to this story, really, since activity to counter drug abuse continues at a heightened pace and there is an ever-higher level of enlightenment on the part of all our citizens. That Ed Markle and others have died or have spoiled precious years of their lives or have sustained irreparable damage to their bodies and minds is a tragedy which has stirred our community profoundly.

No one in Cedar Falls would have preferred that it happen this way, certainly. The shock of last November's events remains fresh in many minds. Perhaps, though, if young people and adults have been strengthened to deny influences which undermine their health and the health of our nation, then Ed and the others have not died in vain. ☐

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# BOOKS

ROMAN CATHOLICS now have a new translation of the Bible, written in contemporary English and based on direct translation from the original language in which the Scriptures were written.

The **New American Bible** took 26 years to prepare and involved some 51 scholars, including four Protestants. Several American publishers across the country began releasing it almost simultaneously on September 30.

Father William J. Tobin of the U.S. Catholic bishops' Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, which sponsored the project, says that the new Bible is a "faithful translation in today's language for today's people."

The first Catholic Bible in English was the Douay-Rheims version, completed in 1609 and revised in 1750. It was based on the Latin Vulgate text completed in 405 by St. Jerome.

If you want to know how an election campaign is going, don't watch the candidates, watch the voters, say Richard M. Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg in **The Real Majority: An Extraordinary Examination of the American Electorate** (Coward-McCann, \$7.95).

These two expert political observers take a canny, hard-nosed look at American voters in this readable book and emphasize three things: that the great majority of the voters are middle aged, middle class, and middle minded; that the center is the only place to be if you want to win an election; and that recently Americans have been voting along social-issue lines rather than according to traditional bread-and-butter economics. For social issue, read crime, racial problems, student riots, drugs, pornography, and all the other signs of social change.

Scammon, who is head of the Elections Research Center in Washington, D.C., has been a director of the U.S. Bureau of the Census. Wattenberg, a journalist, was a White House aide under former President Lyndon B. Johnson. How right are they? Check their conclusions against this year's election returns.

The early years of this century were wonderful years for a boy to be growing up in America, and few boys ever took greater advantage of them than Paul Villiard.

Nothing escaped young Paul's inquisitiveness. His intentions were innocent—usually—but his adventurous spirit kept getting him into scrapes. And he was incident prone. Who but Paul would pick a fall bouquet for his favorite teacher and have the beautiful red leaves turn out to be poison ivy? Who but a future author would interpret *Information Please* to mean the answering of all questions—and thus

\* \* \*

There is a word in every

Sword,

But sometimes I think it is

Reversible.

—Joan Danziger

\* \* \*

give an understanding telephone operator depth and meaning to her life?

**Growing Pains** (Funk & Wagnalls, \$6.95) is Paul Villiard's autobiography of his boyhood in Seattle and Philadelphia. Alternately funny and tender, it belongs on the shelf right next to Tom Sawyer and Peck's Bad Boy.

The most controversial religious book of this year, or almost any other year, is **The Sacred Mushroom & the Cross** (Doubleday, \$7.95). I am not suggesting that you read it, but I think you ought to know about it.

John M. Allegro, an authority on ancient languages and the first British representative on an international writing team formed to prepare the Dead Sea Scrolls for publication, has found what he believes are links between the languages of biblical times and the ancient Sumerian language, and he has come up with a startling theory.

He is convinced that the story of Jesus was created to set down, in cryptic form, the mysteries surrounding the use and worship of *Amanita Muscaria* by the priests of Judaism. This "sacred" mushroom with hallucinogenic properties, he believes, was the priests' source of knowledge of God and of their

fleeting views of heaven. Until the Jewish revolt was crushed in A.D. 66, he speculates, this secret knowledge was passed down from priest to initiate by word of mouth. Then it was necessary to write it down, and it was put in the form of a folk legend, the story of a rabbi named Jesus who was invested with the powers and names of the magic drug.

This theory, with many phallic references, might not have gotten much attention in England, where it was published first, had it not been for the author's reputation in the field of ancient languages and close link to the Dead Sea Scrolls. For these reasons it set off a storm of controversy. A lot of the controversy there, and in the United States, has been over whether the publishers should have published the book. But I suspect it will convince very few people.

Who was Jesus?

In *The Founder of Christianity* (Macmillan, \$5.95 cloth, \$1.45 paper) C. H. Dodd considers what the Gospels tell us about Jesus and the early Christian church. A distinguished New Testament scholar who was joint director of the translation for the New English Bible, Dr. Dodd writes clearly and with authority.

*Who Was Jesus?* (Atheneum, \$5.95) is a more freewheeling approach. London Observer staff member Colin Cross got an assignment four years ago to write articles on the archaeological excavation of the 2,000-year-old fortress of Masada. As he got into the subject, he developed a keen interest in the identity of Jesus, and he set out to find out about it with the same spirit of journalistic inquiry and detachment with which he tackles current history.

In *Who Was Jesus?* he describes the historical background and unsettled times into which Jesus was born, the Messiah belief that was central in the Jewish people's thinking, and the divisions and sharp disagreements that existed within the Jewish faith. After sifting conflicting testimony in the Gospels and other religious records, he has formed his own picture of the Galilean Jew who was a religious visionary and, for a short time, a preacher. Jesus was a vehement man with some sense of humor, Cross believes . . . a man who was well educated and knew a lot of theology, who had enormous skill as a propagandist . . . a tense, intelligent person with a strong, even hypnotic personality.

"House arrest, in your own home, is a situation that brings to mind that special kind of nightmare which I sup-

pose most people must have experienced. You believe yourself awake, and you decide to perform a simple familiar act, open a door or lift the telephone receiver, and you find it impossible."

Helen Vlachos inherited Greece's leading daily newspaper from her father, and she also inherited his staunch resistance to authoritarianism. When extreme right-wing colonels overthrew Greece's democracy in 1967, she suspended publication of *Kathimerini*. This was a great embarrassment to the new regime, but neither pressure, pleading, nor house arrest could shake her. Finally she escaped to England, an act that meant not only giving up her country but separation from her husband. But from there she can continue her fight against the tyranny of the military regime.

*House Arrest* (Gambit, \$6.95) is her personal story. Like many first-rate journalists, she leans toward understatement when she writes about herself. But she is extremely forthright about those first days of the junta, and in addition to providing valuable insight into current Greek history her book contains some intriguing word portraits of the Greek royal family, Aristotle Onassis and his shipping rival Stavros Niarchos, Nikita Khrushchev, and scores of less known but equally interesting people.

Evangeline Booth was as beautiful as any actress and could sway a crowd as skillfully. But she preached her first sermon when she was 13, and for a large part of her life she was General Evangeline Booth, commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army.

Sigmund A. Lavine gives young people a biography of this remarkable woman in *Evangeline Booth, Daughter of Salvation* (Dodd, Mead, \$4). The Salvation Army, incidentally, has a close historical tie with Meth-

odism. Evangeline Booth's father, William Booth, was a member of a group of liberal English Methodists known as the Methodist New Connexion. He left it because it would not allow him to devote his full time to evangelistic work. Soon afterward he began preaching to the paupers, drunkards, and petty criminals in London's East End in 1865, and out of this ministry the Salvation Army grew.

Mix ordinary events of every day with the insights of an extraordinary woman like Mary Jean Irion and you have a book like *Yes, World* (Cambria / Baron, \$4.95). This mosaic of meditation is made up of many little pieces, varied in shape, color, and texture.

It is primarily a woman's book, but possibly, also, a book that will give a man a clue to the personal, often mystical way, that women are likely to think about God and the world. Women's Lib types may not like it, and yet Mrs. Irion is representative of many of their beliefs. Minister's wife, mother, and writer of some literary distinction, she teaches English literature at Lancaster Country Day School in Pennsylvania.

For almost five centuries the Northwest Passage, that shortcut between Europe and Asia that lies across the top of the North American Continent, has beckoned mariners who, in turn, have lost their lives in its ice-blocked waters. Then in 1968 the largest oil strike in North America was made at Prudhoe Bay on Alaska's North Slope, and two American oil companies leased the largest tanker flying the American flag and converted her into an ice-breaker-oceanographic research vessel strong enough to smash a way through.

Aboard the S. S. *Manhattan* on its first voyage were writer Bern Keating and photographer Dan Guravich. In *The Northwest Passage* (Rand McNally, \$9.95) Keating's vivid narrative tells about the voyage and goes back through 500 years of history to trace the stories of other less successful attempts.

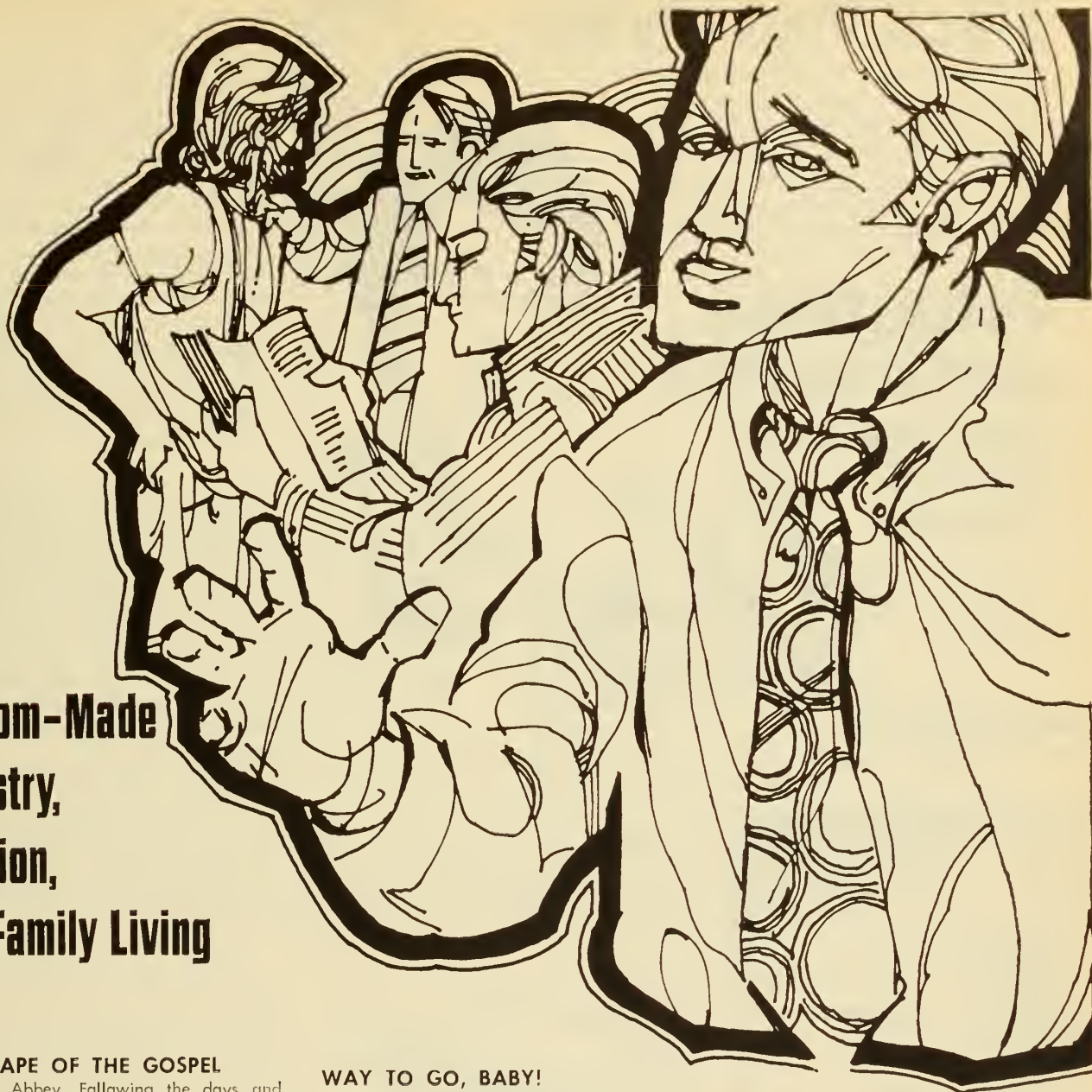
Color pictures by Guravich and Keating that were taken on the voyage, and a map of the route covered, complete this lively history of man's fascination with an until now impossible dream.

Astronaut and Presbyterian layman Buzz Aldrin celebrated one of the strangest Communion in the history of Christendom. In the Eagle while he and Neil Armstrong were on the moon during the Apollo 11 flight,



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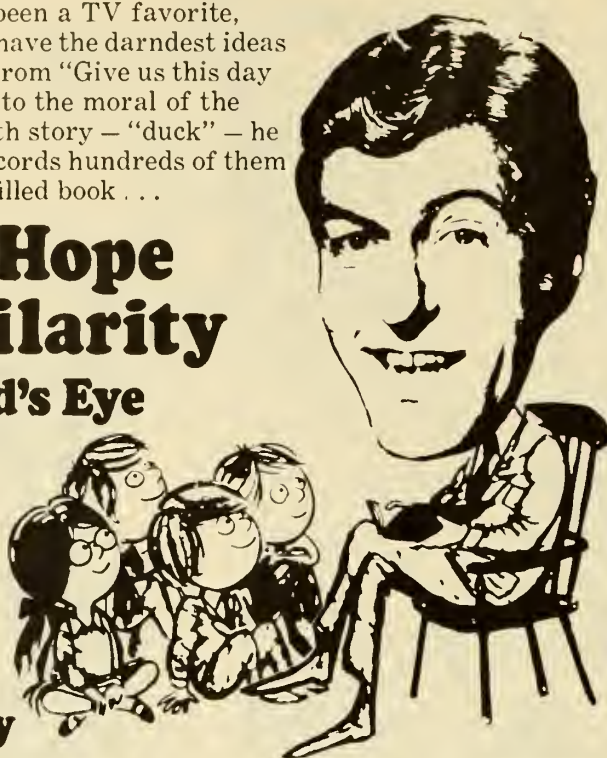


# Dick Van Dyke

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he asked for air-to-ground silence. Then he took out a little chalice his minister had given him, said some Bible passages, and offered some private prayers.

This is not the only religious reference in *First on the Moon: A Voyage with Neil Armstrong, Michael Collins, and Edwin E. Aldrin, Jr.* (Little, Brown, \$7.95). This book is the personal story of the men on the Apollo 11 mission, of their families, and of all the men and women who supported them from the ground. It owes its excitement to the mission and the men, but it was the work of *Life* magazine senior editor Gene Farmer and *Life* staff writer Dora Jane Hamblin, who took part in the writing, that has made it a fast-paced, totally absorbing narrative.

There is evidence that the sexual revolution "represents transition from an attitude to sex that few of us would want to defend, to something different which . . . could turn out in the end to be decidedly better—and even more Christian—than what went before," says David R. Mace, internationally known authority on marriage and family guidance, in *The Christian Response to the Sexual Revolution* (Abingdon, \$1.75).

In this paperback, which surveys Hebrew customs and early church views as well as attitudes on sexuality today, he urges the church to re-evaluate negative and punitive attitudes and take a more positive approach to a Christian doctrine of sex.

Told as you might talk to a young child—if you were wise enough—*The Wonderful Story of How You Were Born* (Doubleday, \$3.50) is now available in a new revised edition. Symeon Shimin's sensitive illustrations complement the warmth and tenderness of Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg's narrative, and inside the book jacket is a guide to parents in which Mrs. Gruenberg answers questions about when and how to use this book.

One of the most outstanding leaders in the field of child development and family-life education, Mrs. Gruenberg was director of the Child Study Association of America for more than 25 years. In addition she has four children of her own, 12 grandchildren, and 5 great-grandchildren to keep her in touch with the needs of families.

—Helen Johnson



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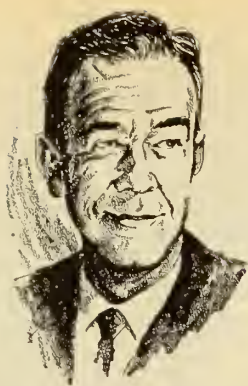
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# Fiction



IT IS generally true that people get more conservative the older they grow, although the other day I talked with a liberal-radical whose college life was marked by arch conservatism. Usually, however, the development goes in the other direction.

This means that as we get older and deal with people in all kinds of situations, we begin to see all the difficulties not apparent years ago. We recognize that issues are hardly ever clean cut; rather they are mixed and nearly always blurred. We discover that no people are free from the temptations of power, that all classes are subject to corruption. We see that every event is tied to much that has gone before, that we cannot forget or ignore yesterday. Change is seen as something gradual, never completely satisfactory to anybody.

So the starry-eyed youngster gives way to the more skeptical adult who realizes that a new world can never be made by revolution.

Indeed, the people who believe sincerely in bettering things learn to regard revolution as inefficient. While violence may scatter seeds of future developments, much that goes with these upheavals is regression. Preferably, a steady, although slower, evolutionary process should be substituted.

All this ran through my mind as I read *SANCTUARY V* by Budd Schulberg (*World*, \$6.95), a story of a revolution to the south of us that went wrong. President Justo Moreno Suarez has to flee to a neutral embassy to save his life. There, with his wife and daughter, he faces the pressures that come from crowded quarters, an uncertain future, and the disillusionment of broken friendships as he is surrounded by other refugees from the revolution. He is a good man and utterly devoted to the new order which threw out the reactionaries and gave the people a chance. But he sees the revolution betrayed by a dictator with no commitment to its purposes and a willingness to substitute a personal dictatorship for the slower methods of freedom.

Suarez' wife is a tough-minded woman, loyal to her husband. His daughter is interested in attention and clothes without much devotion to her father or his high standards of behavior. It is a relief to both of them when the daughter and her mother can leave for exile in Miami Beach.

As happens so often in life, those thought to be loyal and dependable are not, while a few unlikely people turn out to be persons of character and dependability. Thus, Suarez comes to admire a homosexual whose

artistic gifts never suggested a person of integrity and faithfulness to his own values. There is in the confinement of the embassy some unexpected goodness, even greatness, and a great deal of betrayal. Even the ambassador himself is a man who has to be paid and bribed. He is bent on making a profit out of the whole tragedy. My guess is that this book sums up for us the hopes and death of most of our secular idealism. It gives us a fresh understanding of the wisdom of Jesus in turning aside from the temptation to use the sword to establish his Kingdom.

Years ago I had dinner one night with a friend, and Budd Schulberg and his wife were also guests. I had a chance to talk with him and came to admire him. He is a man with real ideals which he holds to without any romantic illusions. He has been active in Watts (Los Angeles) these last few years in helping young people who are trying to escape the ghetto and find a good life. This should be the spirit and attitude of Christians who believe in original sin and salvation. And now we can sing a hymn together and close the service.

I am in debt to a great layman and a wonderful friend for passing along to me PROFESSOR FODORSKI by Robert Lewis Taylor (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday & Company, 1950). I ought not to be calling your attention to this book, but it was so completely delightful that I do it in hopes you might find a copy somewhere.

Professor Fodorski came to the United States as a refugee professor and an expert architectural engineer. He landed in America with a little over \$100, a very sketchy knowledge of English, and dressed in a pair of morning trousers, a cutaway coat, eight keys of academic significance, high-buttoned shoes, and a black homburg. A friend teaching at the Southern Baptist Institute of Technology invites Fodorski to visit him. While there, an opening is found for him on the faculty.

The thing which intrigues him most is football and he becomes an ardent fan as well as a helpful, although unpaid, assistant to the coach. He thinks about new plays and new approaches. When the coach dies unexpectedly, the students demand that Professor Fodorski become the coach. How he fares in this new situation you would never believe. One of his discoveries is a young man who never played football but turns out to be a great kicker. He works out a table of calculations and puts them on the edge of his shoe to help him figure direction and angle, taking into account the wind velocity. When the shoes do not get covered with mud, he never misses.

There is also a love story which develops although it is not very wildly romantic. The lady is about the professor's age and from the Old Southern school. This does not add very much to the football part of the story, but it adds a great deal to the delight of it. The truth is that only those people who want to retreat from the vulgarity of the television, the blare of the revolution, and the wearisome pressure of day-by-day responsibility will like this book. Surely there must be a few United Methodists besides me who fit this category. And if there are no others, at least nobody has been hurt.

—GERALD KENNEDY

Bishop, Los Angeles Area, The United Methodist Church

# Jottings

We wondered, as we looked over the beautiful color pictures on pages 31-38, if such images formed in the mind of Beethoven as he wrote the music for the last movement of his Ninth Symphony.

Perhaps not. Certainly, however, pictures similar to some of these were imagined by Dr. Henry van Dyke when he wrote the poem which eventually took Beethoven's melody and became a favorite hymn of many Christians.

But the story behind *Joyful, Joyful* . . . goes even farther back than Beethoven's symphony itself. Beethoven, whose 200th birthday is being celebrated this year, was inspired by a poem, *Ode to Joy*, written by his contemporary, Johann Friedrich von Schiller.

Then, more than a century later, the hymn-tune arrangement was undertaken by Edward Hodges, an organist at Trinity Church, N.Y. In 1911, the Hodges arrangement became the tune for the poem written by Van Dyke in 1907.

But wait! We haven't heard the last of the last movement of Beethoven's Ninth. As this is written, a pop record, *A Song of Joy*, is riding high on the charts throughout Europe and the U.S. It, too, has been adapted—some critics use the word "bowdlerized"—from the last movement of the great Beethoven symphony. More than 300,000 copies of this record were sold

in one month, bringing popularity to a Spanish crooner named Miguel Rios who sings the English translation, obviously not understanding a word he is singing.

It is doubtful that Beethoven would have been pleased by the pop record. We like to think, however, that he would have enjoyed looking at this month's pictorial. Not only Beethoven, but Schiller, Hodges, and—most of all—Dr. Van Dyke!

It is sheer coincidence that our 14th Photo Invitational theme should be featured on Beethoven's 200th birthday. (Had it not been for Beethoven, *Joyful, Joyful* . . . would have to have had a different, perhaps less appealing melody.) It was coincidence, also, that James Campbell of TOGETHER and Bishop T. Otto Nall of Hong Kong met for the first time in the town of Brookville, Pa.

Jim is one of the newest members of our staff. Bishop Nall served 36 years on Methodist publications,



Seat mates: bishop and editor.

beginning as assistant editor of the old *Epworth Herald* in 1924. When he was elected to the episcopacy in 1960, he was with us as editor of our sister publication, *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*.

The bishop was in Brookville to visit a daughter before returning to his post in Hong Kong. Jim Campbell was there interviewing Bishop Roy C. Nichols [see pages 24-29]. Both turned up at the same time in the same congregation to hear Bishop Nichols preach; and they were seat mates on Jim's return flight from Pittsburgh to Chicago.

If you have the time, the money, and the inclination, you can pick up the telephone and call Lavinia Derwent at Kelvin 2026 in Glasgow, Scotland. You might, to get the conversation going, tell her how you enjoyed her article, *The Peppermint Bible*, on page 43.

In turn, Miss Derwent might tell you a little about herself, as she told us recently by letter:

"Born in No-Man's Land, on a farm on the frontier between Scotland and England, on the right side, the Scottish!

"Began writing as a child in 'the jail'—the attic where I used to be shut up, always for doing what I considered good deeds: inviting the pigs into the garden, or letting the cows out of the fields for a change of scenery.

"The attic was a wonderful place to serve a sentence, full of fascinating junk . . . Walked two miles to church every Sunday. Brother is a parson. Have played the organ in church and today often speak to church groups. I now live in Glasgow, write books, and do broadcasting and television."

Her books are Bible stories brought to life for children, and her radio and television programs also are slanted for children, Miss Derwent tells us. —Your Editors

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Page 31 R.—Darathy I. Kientz, Verana, N.J.; Leica M-3, Visaflex, 200-mm. lens; Kodachrome X; 1/2 second at f/4.5.

Bot.—Mrs. J. W. Hopkins, Bradenton, Fla.; Zeiss Super Contaflex; Kodachrome II; 1/60th second at f/4.

Page 32 Top—Chaplain (Major) Richard E. Chavarry, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.; Canon QL 17; Ektachrome; 1/125th second at f/1.7.

Bot.—George H. Wallace, Boulder, Colo.; Voigtlander Vita II; Kodachrome; 1 minute at f/8.

Page 33 Top—Gordon E. O'Dell, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Nikon; High-Speed Ektachrome; 1/125th second at f/5.6.

Bot.—Mrs. Paul F. Barker, Rochester, N.Y.; Miranda; Dynachrome; 1/60th second at f/5.6.

Page 34—Gene C. Frazier, Muncie, Ind.; Petriflex; Ektachrome X; 1/125th second at f/11.

Page 35—Larry Simpson, Norfolk, Va.; Nikon F; High Speed Ektachrome; 1/125th second at f/16.

Page 36 Top—Mrs. Lester Barwick, Wayne, N.J.; Contaflex IV; Ektachrome X; 1/500th second at f/8.

Bot.—Harold E. Hodgson, Cranston, R.I.; Nikkormat; Kodachrome II; 1/60th second at f/8.

Page 37 Top—J. Tray Massey, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Kanica F5; Ektachrome X; 1/15th second at f/4.5.

Bot.—Diana Eck, Cambridge, Mass.; Agfa; Kodachrome II; Automatic meter.

Page 38—Paul M. Hurd, Annapolis, Md.; Voigtlander; Kodachrome X; 1/250th second at f/16.

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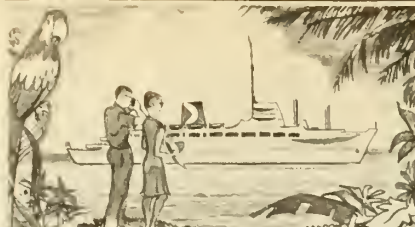
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Rev. Dr. Woodrow A. Geier  
A member of the staff of the Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education of the Methodist Church, Dr. Geier is director of the Office of Information and Publications for the Division. He also serves as visiting professor of drama at Scarritt College. Widely traveled, he has led our Methodist Tours to the Caribbean, Hawaii and Alaska to the great enjoyment of all.

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